

THE
MAIDES
REVENGE.
A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good
Applause at the private house in *Drury*
Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY Gent.



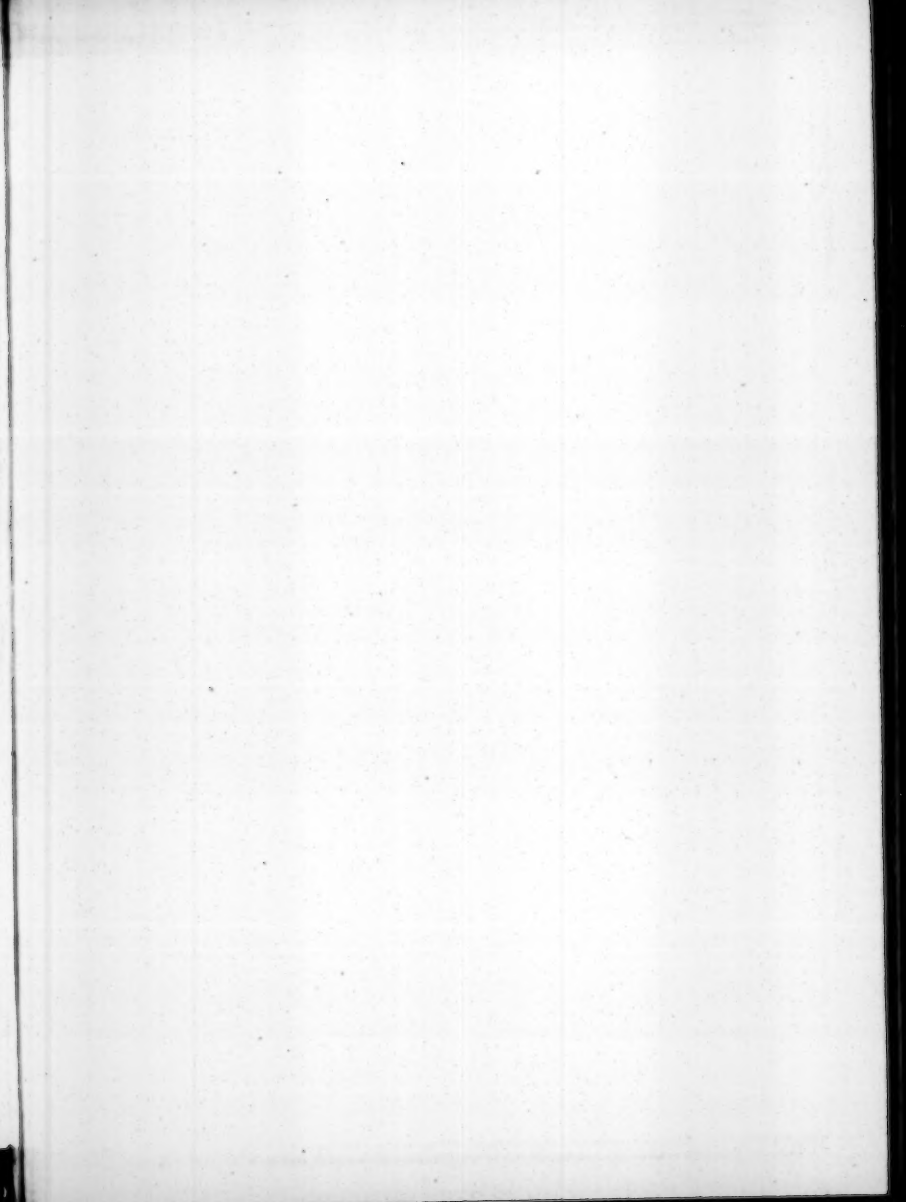
LONDON.

Printed for *William Cooke*, and are to be sold
at his shop at *Furnivalls* *Jnne Gate* in
Holbourne. 1639.



264 c. Manuscript Translated 1747 c. 1155

B14 H14 from 644 c 57. A1 B3 c4 H2 from another copy



1875

THE
MAIDES
REVENGE.
A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good
Applause at the private house in *Drury*
Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by *JAMES SHIRLEY* Gent.



LONDON.

Printed for *William Cooke*, and are to be sold
at his shop at *Furnivalls* *June Gate* in
Holbourne. 1639.



The Actors names.

Gasper De Vilarezo, *an old Count, Father to*
Sebastiano, *Catalina and Berinthia.*
Sebastiano, *sonne to Vilarezo.*

Antonio *a lover of Berinthia, and friend to*
Sebastiano.

Valindras *a kinsman of Antonio.*

Sforza, *a blunt Souldier.*

Valasco, *a lover of Berinthia.*

Count de monte nigro, *a bragua.*

Diego, *Servant to Antonio.*

Signior Sharkino, *a shirking Doctor.*

Scarabeo, *a Servant to Sharkino.*

Catalina }
Berinthia } *Daughters to Vilarezo.*

Castabella, *Sister to Antonio.*

Ansilva, *a waiting woman to the two Sister.*

Nurse.

Servants.





TO
THE WORTHILY
Honoured, *Henry Osborne* Esquire.

S I R,



Ill I be able to give you a better prooffe of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the *English* Stage; and though it comelate to the Impression, it was the second birth in this kinde, which I dedicated to the Scene, as you have Art to distinguish; you have mercy and a smile, if you finde a Poem infirme through want of age, and experience the moth er of strength. It is many yeares since I see these papers, which make haste to kisse your hand; if you doe not accuse the boldnesse and pride of them; I will owne the child, and beleeeve Tradition so farre, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance; I never affected the wayes of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practising that Court sinne; but if you dare beleeeve, I much honour you, nor is it upon guesse, but the taste and knowledge of your abilitie and merite; and while the Court wherein you live, is fruitfull with Testimonies of your mind, my Character is seal'd up, when I have said that your vertue hath taken up a faire lodging. Read when you have leasure, and let the Author be fortunate to be knowne.

Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.



A Catalogue of such things as hath
beene Published by *James Shirley* Gent.

TRaytor.
Witty Faire one.
Bird in a Cage.

Changes, or Love in a Maze.

Gratefull Servant.

Wedding.

Hide Parke.

Young Admirall.

Lady of Pleasure.

Gamster.

Example.

Dukes Mistresse.

Ball.

Chabot Admirall of France.

Royall Master.

Schoole of Complements.

Contention for Honour and Riches.

Triumph of peace, a Masque.

Maides Revenge.



THE MAIDES REVENGE.

ACTUS. I. SCENA I.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.



He noble curtesies I have receiv'd
At *Lisbon* worthy friend, so much engag'd
That I must dye indebted to your worth,
Vnlesse you mean to accept what I've studied
Although but partly to discharge the favour

Due to your honour & love.

Ans. How now *Sebastian* will you forswear
The name of friend, then I did hope our love
Had outgrowne complement.

Seb. I speake my thoughts,
My tongue and heart are relativē, I thinke
I have deserved no base opinion from you;
I wish not onely to perpetuate
Our friendship, but to exchange that common name
Of friend, for

Ans. What? take heede, do not prophane;
Wouldst thou be more then friend? It is a name,
Vertue can onely answer to, couldst thou
Vnite into one, all goodnesse whatso're

The Maides Revenge.

Mortality can boast of, that their lives
The circle narrow bounded to contain
This swelling grief: every good man
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the naturall flow of blood; alliances,
And what you can imagine, is to light
To weigh with name of friend: they execute
At best, but what a nature prompts e in to,
Are often lesse then friends, when they remaine
Our kinsmen still, but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then *Antonio* you mistake, I mean not
To leave of friend, which with another title
Would not be lost, come then Ile tell you Sir,
I would be friend and brother, thus our friendship
Shall like a diamond set in gold not loose

His sparkling, but shew fairer: I have a paire
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
Might seeme partiall, their birth and fortunes
Deserving would love, if then best free
I had other tried ingenuenry, I would be proud
To speak of them worthy to be so, and see them:
I would not beg them tutors, fame hath spread
Through *Portugal* their persons, and drawn to *Avero*
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. *Catalina* and *Berinthia*,

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks of their beauties, and no lesse
Vertue in either, well, if see you strive
To leave no merriit where you meane to honour,
I cannot other wise escape the censure
Of one ingratefull, but by waiting on you
Home to *Avero*.

Seb. You shall know me,
And glad my noble Father, to whom you are
No stranger, your owne worth before, hath bene

The Maiden Kinsmen.

Sufficient preparation. *Ant.* Ha? I have not so much choice *Sebastiano*,
But if one Sister of *Antonias*,
May have a commendation to your thoughts,
I will not spend much Art in praising her,
Her virtue speaks it selfe, I shall be happy,
And be confirm'd your brother, though I misse
Acceptance at *Avera*.

Seb. Still you out doe me, I could never wish
My service better plac'd as opportunity
He wise you at *Elmas*, I thinke the time
Lets hast to *Avera*, where with you I bring
My double welcome, and not faile to second
Any designe.

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we meete at *Elmas* Castle fir?
Santa-Catharina de Vilanova, and a Sereno?

Vil. What gallants serk are they newly enter'd?

Ser. Count *de Mont Nigro* my Lord, and *Dona Zafra*.

Vil. Give your observance then, I know their Gallantries
Catalina and *Berinthia* are the stars
Direct them hither, *Catharina* house shall give
Respect to all, but they are two such jewels,
I must dispose maturely, I should else
Returne ingratitude upon the heavens
For leaving me such pledges, nor am I,
Like other fathers carried with the stream
Of love toth youngest, as they were in birth
They had my tenderness, *Catalina* then
Is eldest in my care, *Berinthia*
Her child's part too, both faire and vertuous,
But daughters are held losses to a family,
Sonne's onely to maintaine honour and name
Alive in their posterity, and I now thinke on
My sonne *Sebastiano* hath beene now
In his returne from *Lisbon*, on that boy
Renewes my age with hope, and hath return'd

The Maides revenge.

My care in education, weight for weight
With noble quality, well belov'd byth best
Oth Dons in *Spain* and *Portugall*, whose loves
Do often stretch his absence to such length
As this hath beene.

Enter Count de Monte Nigro, and Catalina.

But heres my eldest daughter,
With her amorous Count, Ile not be scene,

Cata. You have beene absent long my noble Count,
Besheew me but I dreame on you last night,

Count. Ha ha, did you so, I tickle her in her sleep I perceive,
Sweete Lady I did but like the valiant best,

Give a little ground, to returne with a greater
Force of love, now by my fathers sword

And gauntlet that a pretious peece of service
But pray thee what didst dreame of me last night,

Cata. Nay, was an idle dreame, not worth the repetition,

Count. Thou dreamst I warrant thee, that I was fighting
For thee up to the knees in blood, why I dare doot,

Such dreames are common with Count de Monte

Nigro, my sleepes are nothing else but rehearsal of
Battels, and wounds, and ambuscades, *Dona* *Delphina*

Was a Mountebanke of gallant, *Refers* a puffe,
My dreames deserve to be in *Chronicles*.

Cata. Why, now my dreame is out, *Count.* What?

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting, *Count.* So,

Cata. And that in single combat for my sake
You slew a giant, and you no sooner had

Rescu'd my honour, but there crept a pigmee
Out of the earth, and kild you.

Count. Very likely the valliantst man must dye,

Cata. What by a pigmee?

Count. I, thats another giant, I remember *Hercules*
Had a conflict with em, oh my *Dona*

Catalina I well would I were so happy once to
Maintaine some honourable duell for thy sake, I shall

Nere be well, till I have kild some body, fight, tis true

The Maides Revenge.

I have never yett flisht my selfe in blood.no body
Would quarell with me, but I finde my spirit prompt
If occasion would but winke at me, why not? wherefore has
Nature given me these brawny armes, this manly bulke,
And these Colloſſian ſupporters nothing but to ſling
The ſledge, or pitch the hare, and play with
Axletrees; if thou loveſt me, do but command me
Some worthy ſervice; pox a dangers. I weigh 'em no
More than fleabittings, would ſome body did hate that
Face, now I wiſh it with all my heart.

Cala. Would you have any body hate me?

Count. Yes, I do hate 'em, I do but thruſt my hand into their
Mouth downe to the bottome of their bellies, plucke
Out their lungs and ſhake their inſides outward.

Enter Berinthia and Valasco.

Ber. Noble Sir, you neede not heape more proteſtations,
I do beleeeve you love me.

Val. Doe you beleeeve I love, and not accept it?

Ber. Yes I accept it too, but apprehend me
As men doe guiſts, whoſe accepration does not
Binde to performe what every giver craves;
Without a ſtaine to virgin modeſty
I can accept your love, but pardon me,
It is beyond my power to grant your ſuite.

Val. Oh you too much ſubject a naturall guiſt,
And make your ſelfe beholding for your owne:
The Sunne hath not more right to his owne beames,
With which he giides the day, nor the Sea lord
Of his owne waves.

Ber. Alasſe, what iſt to owne a paſſion.
Without power to direct it, for I move,
Not by a motion I can call my owne,
But by a higher rapture, in obedience
To a father, and I have yett no freedom
To place affection, ſo you but endeere me.
Without a merit.

Cala. Hies my ſiſter.

The Maides Revenge.

Con. And *Don Valasco*, how now, are thy arrowes feathered?

Val. Well enough for roving.

Count. Roving, I thought so.

Val. But I hope faire.

Count. Shoo'te home then; *Valasco* I have
Presented my mistress with a paper of verses, see she
Is reading of 'em.

Val. Didst make 'em thy selfe.

Con. My money did, what an idle question is that? as tho we
That are great men, are not furnished with stipendary
Muses, I am sure for my owne part I can buy 'em
Cheaper than I can make 'em a great deale, would
You have learning have no reward, she laughs
At 'em, I am glad of that.

Ber. They savour of a true Poeticke fury.

Count. Do you smell nothing, something hath some savour.

Cata. But this line my thinks hath more feete than the rest.

Con. It sho'd run the better for that Lady, I did it a purpose.

Cata. But heres another lame.

Count. That was my conceit, my owne invention, lame
Halting verses, theres the greatest Art, besides I
Thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant,
Dare cut of legs and armes at all times and make 'em
Goe halting home that are my enemies, I am
An Iambographier now it is out.

Cata. For honours sake what's that?

Count. One of the fourest versifiers that ever crept out of
Pernassus when I set on't, I can make any body hang himselfe
With pure Iambicks, I can fetch blood with *Ascepiads*
Sting, with *Phalencus* whip, with *Saphicks*
Bastinado, with hexameter and pentameter, and
Yet I have a trimeter left for thee my *Dona Catalina*.

Ber. Conclude a peace sir with your passion,
I am sory love hath beene unkind to you,
To point at me, who till she first have knit
The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid
To thinke of love.

Val.

The Murther Revenges

Val. But I cannot desist, you lo
I am in love with every thing you say.
This your deniall as it comes from you
Bids me still love you, pardon faire *Rivinsio*,
Valasco hath not power to rule himselfe,
Be you lesse faire, or vertuous, perhaps
I may abate my service.

Enter Filareza, Sebastiano, and Antonio.

Vila. Old *Gassars* house is honourd by such guests,
Now by the tombe of my progenitors,
I envied, that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person, *Sebastiano*,
Hath beene long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himselfe in vertue,
That lives so neere your love.

Cata. *Draw Antonio de Riviera,*

Seb. The same.

Cata. With whose noble worth

You oft have fill'd discourse, thoughte your selfe happy
In his choyce friendship, if his body eary
So many graces, it is heaven within,
Where his soule is.

Vila. *Sebastiano*, thou hast largely recompenc'd
Thy tedious absence, you shall dishonour me,
Vnlesse you thinke your selfe as welcome here,
As at your *Elnas* Castle, *Filareza*
Was once as you are sprightly, and though I say it
Maintaind my fathers reputation,
And honour of our house with actions
Worthy our name and family, but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my haire,
Ploughed on my browes the furrowes of his anger,
Disfurnishd me of active blood, and wrapt me
Halfe in my teare cloth, yet I have minde
That bids me honour vertue, where I see it.
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Anto. You speake all noblenesse, and encourage me

The Maides Reuenge 117

To spend the greenenesse of my rising yeares
So to thadvantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vila. Daughters speake his welcome. *Catalina.*

Cata. Sir you are most welcome.

Count. Howes that? she sayes he is most welcome, he were
Not best love her, she never made me such a reverence
For all the kisses I have bestowd upon her since

I first opened my affection, I do not like this
Fellow, I must be faine to use doctor *Sharke*, cunning

Val. It were not truly noble to affront him;
My blood boyles in me, it shall coole againe,
The place is venerable by her presence,
And I may be deceiv'd, *Val* say then
Keepe distance with thy feares.

Anto. How now *Antonio*, where hast thou lost thy selfe?
Strucke dead with Ladies eyes? I could star-gaze
For ever thus, oh pardon love, gainst whom
I often have prophand, and mockt thy fires;
Thy flames now punish me, let me collect
They are both excellent creatures, there is
A Majestie in *Catalinas* eye, and every part carries ambition/
Of Queene upon it, yet *Berinthia*
Hath something more than all this praise, though she
Command the world, this hath more power ore me;
Here I have lost my freedome, not the Queene
Of love could thus have wounded poore *Antonio*;
He speake to her; Lady I'm an Novice, yet in love.

Ber. It may be so.

Anto. She jests at me, yet I should be proud to be
Your servant.

Ber. I enertaine no servants that are proud.

Val. Divine *Berinthia*!

Anto. She checks my rudenesse, that so openly
I seeme to court her, and in presence too
Of some that have engaged themselves perhaps
To her already.

Vila.

The Maides Revenge.

Vila. Come let us in, my house spreads to receive you,
Which you may call your owne, Ile leade the way.

Cata. Please you walke Sir.

Ant. It will become me thus to waite on you. *Exeunt;*

manes Count, and Valasco.

Count. Does not the foole ride us both?

Val. What foole? both, whom?

Count. That foole, both us, we are but horses and may
Walke one another for ought I see before the doore, when he
Is alight and entered, I do not relish that same
Novice, he were not best gull me, sharke you Don
Valasco, what shals doe?

Val. Doe, why?

Count. This *Antonio* is a sutor to one of 'em.

Val. I feare him not.

Count. I do not feare him neither, I dare fight with him, and
He were ten *Antonios*, but the Ladies *Don*, the Ladies,

Val. *Berinthia*, to whom
I pay my love deuotions, in my care
Seemd not to welcome him, your Lady did.

Count. I but for all that he had most mind to your mistress,
And I do not see but if he pursue it,
There is a possibility to scale the fort, Ladies
Minds may alter, by your fauour, I have lesse
Cause to feare o'th two; if he love not *Catalina*
My game is free, and I may have a course in
Her Parke the more easily.

Val. 'Tis true, he preferred service to *Berinthia*,
And what is she then to resist the vowes
Antonio if he love, dare heape upon her?
He's gracious with her father, and a friend
Deere as his bosome to *Sebastiano*,
And may be is directed by that brother
To aime at her, or if he make free choyce,
Berinthia bestuey will draw up his soule.

Count. And yet now I thinke on't, he was very sawcy
With my love to support her arme, which she

The Maides Revenge.

Accepted too familiarly, and she should
But love him, it were as bad for me, for tho he care
Not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it,
By this hilts I must kill him, theres no remedy,
I cannot helpe it.

Val. Ile know my destiny.

Count. And I my fate but here he comes. *Enter Antonio.*

Ant. The strangest resolution of a father
I ever heard, I was covetous
To acquaint him with my wishes, praid his leave
I might be servant to *Berinthia*,
But thus he briefly answered, untill
His eldest daughter were dispos'd in marriage
His youngest must not love, and therefore wisht me,
Vnlesse I could place *Catalina* here,
Leave off soliciting, yet I was welcome,
But fed on nothing but *Berinthia*,
From whole faire eyes love threw a thousand flames
Into *Antonios* heart, her cheeks bewraying
As many amorous blushings, which brake out
Like a forc'd lightning from a troubled cloud,
Discovering a restraint, as if within
She were at conflict, which her colour onely
Tooke liberty to speake, but soone tell backe,
And as it were checkt by silence.

Con. Ile stay no longer, sir a word with you, are you desperat?

Ant. Desperate, why sir?

Count. I aske and you be desperate, are you weary of your
Life, and you be, say but the word; some body can tell
How to dispatch you without a physician, at a minuits
warning.

Anto. You are the noble Count *de mont Nigro*.

Count. I care not a Spanish fig what you count me, I must
Call you to account sir; in briete the Lady
Dona Catalina is my mistris, I do not meane to be baffled.
While this toole has any Steele in't, and I have some
Mettall in my selfe too.

Ant.

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. The *Dona Catalina*? do you love her? *Enter Uila.*
She is a Lady in whom onely lives *Sebast. Cata, Ber.*
Natures and Arts perfection, borne to shame
All former beauties, and to be the wonder
Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither
When she is but remembered.

Count. I can endure no more, Diabolo, he is mortally in love
With *Catalina*.

Uila. Tis so, he's tane with *Catalinaes* beautie.

Count. Sir I am a servant of that Lady, therefore cate up
Your words, or you shall be sensible that I am *Count*
De monte Nigro, and she's no dish for *Don Antonio*.

Ant. Sir I will do you right.

Count. Or I will right my selfe.

Cata. He did direct those prayes unto me
This doth confirme it.

Ber. He cannot so soone alter,
I shall discover a passion through my eye.

Count. Thou shewest thy selfe a noble Gentleman, the
Count is now thy friend.

Ant. Does it become me sir, to prosecute
Where such a noble Count is interested,
Upon my soule I wish the Lady yours,
Here my suite fals, with tender of my service;
Would you were married, nay in bed together
My honourable Count.

Cata. Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspected
Your presence were not welcome; had you naught
But title of a brothers friendship, it were
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth
In *Catalinaes* eyes, bids me proclaime you
A double acceptation.

Ant. Oh you are bounteous Ladie.

Count. Sir —

Ant. Doe not feare me,
I am not worthie your opinion,
It shall be happinesse for me to kisse

The Maides Revenges.

This Ivory hand.

Count. The whilst I kisse her lip and be immortal.

Seb. *Antonio* my father is a rocke,
In that he first resolved, and I account it part of my
Owne unhappinesse, I hope you hold me not suspected.

Ant. I were unworthy such a friend, his care
Becomes him nobly; has not yonder Count
Some hope of *Catalina*.

Seb. My father thinks that sister worthy of
More than a bare Nobility.

Ant. He backe to *Elmas* noble sir,
This entertainment is so much above
Antonios merit, if I leave you not
I shall be out of hope to —

Vila. Nay then you mocke me sir, you must not leave me
Without discourtesie so soone, we trifle time,
This night you are my guest, my honored Count,
My Don *Valasco*.

Count. Yes my Lord, wee'll follow.

Ant. Ha I am resolv'd, like Barge-men when they row.
He looke another way then that I goe.

Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Catalina and Anfilva.

Cata. **A** *Nfilva* you observe with curious eye
All Gentlemen that come hither, whats your
Of Don *Antonio*? (opinion.

Ans. My opinion Madam, I want Art.
To judge of him.

Cata. Then without Art your Judgement.

Ans. He is one of the most accomplit Gentlemen
Anfilva ere beheld, pardon Madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not displease, you are not alone,
He hath friends to second you, and who dost thinke
Is cause he tarrries here.

Ans. Your noble father will not let him goe.

Cata.

The Maides Revenge.

Cata. And canst thou see no higher? then thou art dull.

Ans. Madam, I guesse at something more.

Cata. What?

Ans. Love?

Cata. Of whom?

Ans. I know not that.

Cata. How not that? Thou'dst bring thy former truth
Into suspicion, why tis more apparant
Then that he loves.

Ans. If judging eyes may guide him,
I know where he should chuse, but I have heard
That love is blind.

Cata. Ha?

(not his)

Ans. Vertue would direct him Madam unto you, I know
Obedience, I shall repent if I offend.

Cata. Tha'rt honest, be yet more free, hide not a thought
that may concerne it.

Ans. Then Madam I thinke he loves my Lady *Berinthia*;
I have observ'd his eyes rowle that way,
Even now I spied him
Close with her in the Arbour, pardon me Madam.

Cata. Th'ast done me faithfull service, be yet more vigilant,
I know thou speakst all truth, I doe suspect him. *Exit Ans.*
My sister, ha? Dare shee maintaine contention?
Is this the dutie binde her to obey.

A fathers precepts, tis dishonour to me. *Enter Anselmo.*

Ans. Madam, heres a pretty handsome stripling new alight,
Enquires for *Don Antonio*.

Cata. Let me see him, 'twill give me good occasion to be
My owne observer; *Enter Diego.*
Whom would you sir?

Die. I am sent in quest of *Antonio*.

Cata. He speaks like a Knight errant, he comes in quest.

Die. I have heard it a little vertue in some Spanniels to
Quest now and then Lady.

Cata. But you are none.

Die. My Mr. cannot beate me from him Madam, I am one of
The oldest appurtenances belonging to him, and yet I

The Maides Revenge.

Have little mosse in my chinne.

Cata. The more to come, a wirtie knave.

Die. No more wit then will keep my head warme, I beseech you amiable Virgin help my Master *Antonio* to some intelligence that a servant of his waits to speake with him from his sister *Madona Castabella*.

Cata. It shall not neede sir, He give him notice my selfe,
Anfilva Entertaine time with him. *Exit.*

Ans. A promising young man.

Die. Doe you waite on this Lady?

Ans. Yes sir.

Die. Wee are both of a tribe then, though wee differ in our sexe, I beseech you taxe me not of immodesty, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the first view of your person, this kisse shall be as good as presse-mony to bind me to your service.

Ans. 'Yare very welcome, by my virginity. *Exit.*

Die. Your virginitic a good word to save an oath, for all she made me a curse, it was not good manners to leave mee so soone 'yare very welcome by my virginity; was she afraid of breaking, it may be she is crack'd already, but here she is againe.

Enter Anfilva.

Ans. May I begge your name sir?

Die. No begger sweet, would you have it at length, then My name is Signior *Baltazaro Cleve Mantado*, But for brevities sake they call me *Diego*.

Ans. Then Signior *Diego* once more you are welcome.

Die. *Baxelra manet Signiora*, and what my tongue is not able to expresse, my head shall; it seemes you have liv'd long a Virgin.

Ans. Not above seven or eight and thirty yeares.

Die. By Lady a tried Virgin, you have given the world A large testimony of your virginity.

Enter Ant, Berin, and Catal.

Ber. I should be thus a disobedient daughter
A Fathers Hests are sacred.

Ant. But in love

They have no power, it is but tyranny,

Plaine

The Maides Revenge.

Plaine usurpation to command the minde.
Against its owne election; I am yours,
Vow'd yours for ever, send me not away
Shipwreck'd ith' harbour, say but you can love me,
And I will waite an age, not wish to move
But by commission from you, to whom
I render the possession of my selfe:
Ha? we are betrai'd, I must use cunning,
She lives in you, and take not in worse sence;
You are more gracious, in that you are
So like your eldest sister, in whom lives
The copy of so much perfection,
All other seeme to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praise me now?

Ant. But here she is,
Madam, not finding you ith' garden,
I met this Lady.

Cata. I came to tell you
A servant of yours attends with letters from
Your sister *Madona Castabella*.

Ant. *Diego* what newes?

Die. Sir, my Lady remembers her love, these letters in-
forme you the state of all things.

Cata. What serious conference had your sister with that
Gentleman,

Ber. Would you had heard them sister, they concern'd
your Commendations.

Cata. Why should he not deliver them to my selfe.

Ber. It may be then
You would have thought he flattered.

Cata. I like not this rebound,
Tis fairest to catch at fall.

Ber. Sister, I hope
You have no suspicion, I have courted
His Ray or language on my life no accent
Fell from me, your owne eare would not have heard
With acception.

Cata. It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you.

The Maides Revenge.

In duty to a Father, you would wish me
All due respect, I know it.

Ant. Diego. Die. Sir.

Ant. You observe the waiting creatures in the blacke,
Ha ke, you apprehend me. *Whisper.*

Die. With as much tenacity as a servant.

Car. I hope sir, now we shall enjoy you longer.

Ant. The gods would sonner be sicke with *Nellar*, than
Grow weary of such faire societie; *(Antonio)*
But I am at home expected, a poore sister,
My fathers care alive, and dying was
His Legacy, having out-staid my time
Is tender of my abience.

Enter Vilarezo, Sebastian, Count, and Valasco.

Cata. My Lord *Antonio* meanes to take his leave.

Vila. Although last night you were inclin'd to goe,
Let us prevaile this morning.

Car. A servant of his, he saies, brought letters
To hasten departure.

Vila. Why sirra, will you rob us of your master.

Die. Not guilty my Lord.

Count. Sir, if you needs go, we'll bring you on your way,

Ant. I humbly thank your honour, Ile not be so trouble some.

Count. Would you were gone once, I doe not meane to
trouble my selfe so much I warrant thee.

Ant. I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may
Excuse me, if I hasten my returne.

Vila. 'Tis faire, and reasonable, well sir, my some
Shall write on you oth' way, if any occasion
Draw you to *Avero*, lets hope you'll see us,
You know your welcome.

Ant. My Lord the favours done me, would proclaim
I were too much unworthy not to visit you,
Oft as I see *Avero*; Madam I part with some unhappinesse
To lose your presence, give me leave I may
Be absent your admirer, to whose memory
I write my selfe a servant,

Count. Poxe on your complement, you were not best write
In

The Maides Revenge.

In her table-bookes.

Cata. You doe not know
What power you have o're me, that but to please you,
Can frame my selfe to take a leave so soone.

Vila. What thinke you of that my Lord?

Count. Why, she sayes she has power to take her leave
So soone, no hurt ath' world in't, I hope she is an
Innocent Lady.

To Berinth.

Ant. The shallow rivers glide away with noise,
The deepe are silent, fare you well Lady.

Count. I told you he is a shallow fellow.

Vila. I know not what to thinke on't *Berinthia.*

Ant. Gentlemen happinesse and successe in your desires.

Seb. Ile see you a league or two.

Vila. By any meanes, may sir.

Ant. Diego.

Die. My Lord I have a suite to you before I goe.

Vila. To me *Diego*, prethee speake it.

Die. That while other Gentlemen are happy to deuide
their affections among the Ladies, I may have your honours
leave to beare some good-will to this Virgin: *Cupid* hath
throwne a dart at me, like a blinde buzzard as he was, and
theres no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these
parts, I desire humbly I may be bould to rub acquaintance
with Mistresse *Ansilva*.

Vila. With all my heart *Diego*.

Die. Madam, I hope y u will not be an enemy to a poore
Flye that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cata. You shall have my consent sir.

Vila. But what sayes *Ansilva*, hast thou a mind to a husband?

Ans. I feare I am too young seven yeares hence were time
enough for me.

Seb. Shees not full fortie yet sir.

Die. I honour the Antiquitie of her maidenhead, thou
Mistresse of my heart.

Ans. Come lets away *Diego* our horses.

Vila. We'll bring you to the gate.

Count. Yes, wee'll bring him out of doores, would wee

The Maides Revinge,

were shut of him.

Exeunt. Enter Angiola.

Ans. Hay ho, who would have thought I should have benne in love with a stripling, have I seeme to many maiden-heades suffer before me, and must mine come to the blocke at fortie yeares old, if this *Diega* have the grace to come on, I shall have no power to keepe my selfe chaste any longer; how many maides have benne overranne with this love? but heere my Lady.

Exit.

Enter Catalina and Valasco.

Cat. Sir, you love my sister.

Val. With an obedient heart.

Cat. Where do you think *Don Antonio* hath made choice To place his love?

Val. There where I wish it may grow older in desire, And be crown'd with fruitfull happinesse.

Cat. Hath your affection had no deeper roote, That tis rear up already, I had thought It would have stood a Winter, but I see A Summer storme hath kill'd it, saye you well sir.

Val. How's this, a Summers storme? Lady by the honour of your birth, Put off the se cloudes, you mize me, take off The wonder you have put upon *Valasco*, And solve the se riddles.

Cat. You love *Berinthia*.

Val. With a devoted heart, else may I die Contempt of all mankind, not my owne soule Is deerer to me.

Cat. And yet you wish *Antonio* may be crown'd With happinesse in his love, he loves *Berinthia*.

Val. How?

Cat. Beyond expression, to see how a good nature Free from dishonour in it selfe, is backward To thinke another guilty, suffers it selfe Be poisoned with opinion, did your eyes Emptie their beames so much in admiration Of your *Berinthia* beauty, you left none To observe your owne abuses.

Val.

The Maid's Revenge.

Val. Doth not *Antonio* dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance, 'tis impossible,
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above 'em;
Made himselfe hoarse but to repeat your vertues;
As he had beene in extasie; love *Berinthia*?
Hell is not blacker than his soule, if he
Love any goodnesse but your selfe.

Cat. That lesson he with impudencē hath read
To my owne eares, but shall I tell you fir?
We are both made but properties to raise
Him to his partiall ends, flattery is
The stalking horte of policy, I saw you not,
How many flames he shot into her eyes
When they were parting, for which she pay'd backe
Her subrill teares, he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatnesse of his passion
To have beene o're borne, Oh cunning treachery!
Worthy our justice, true he commended me;
But could you see the Fountaine that sent forth
So many cozening streames, you would say *Six*
Were Christall to it, and wait not to the Count,
Whom he suppos'd was in pursuite of me;
Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might
Fire him the more to consummate my marriage
That I dispos'd he might have of access
To his belov'd *Berinthia*, the end
Of his desires I can confirme it, he praid
To be so happy with my fathers leave
To be her amorous servant, which he nobly
Denied, partly expressing your engagements;
If you have least suspicion of this truth:
But dee' thinke she love you?

Val. I cannot challenge her, but she has let fall
Something to make me hope, how thinke you she's
Affected to *Antonio*?

Cat. May be
Like warme as yet, but soone as she's caught,
Inevitably his, without prevection.

The Maides Revnge.

For my owne part I hate him in whom lives
A will to wrong a Gentleman, for hee was
Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect
To tender so your injury, I could not
Be silent in it. what you meane to doe
I leave to your owne thoughts.

Val. Oh stay sweete Lady, leave me not to struggle
Alone with this universall affliction ;
You speake even now *Berinthia* would be his
Without prevention, oh that Antidote,
That Balsome to my wound.

Cas. Alas I pittie you, and the more, because
I see your troubles so amaze your judgement,
He tell you my opinion sir oth' sudden ;
For him, he is not worth *Valasco's* anger ;
Onely thus, you shall discover to my Father,
She promis'd you her love, be confident
To say you did exchange faith to her ; this alone
May chance assure her, and if not I hav't :
Steale her away, your love I see is honourable,
So much I suffer when desert is wounded,
You shall have my assistance, you apprehend me.

Val. I am devoted yours, command me ever.

Cas. Keepe smooth your face, and still maintaine your wor-
With *Berinthia*, things must be manag'd (ship
And stricke in the maturity, noble sir ; I wish
You onely fortunate in *Berinthia's* love.

Val. Words are too poore to thanke you, I looke on you
As my safe guiding starre. *Exit.*

Cas. But I shall prove a wandering starre, I have
A course which I must finish for my selfe.
Glide on thou subtill mover, thou hast brought
This instrument already for thy aymes,
Sister, He breake a Serpents egge betimes,
And teare *Antonia* from thy very bosome ;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that bides is good.

Enter Castabella and Villandra.

Exit.

Fin.

The Maides Revenge.

Vil. Be not so carefull Cooze, your brothers well.
Be confident if he were otherwise
You should have notice, whom hath he to share
Fortunes without you? all his ills are made
Lesse by your bearing part, his good is doubled
By your communicaing.

Cast. By this reason
All is not well, in that my ignorance
What fate hath hapned, barres me off the portion
Belongs to me sister, but my care
Is so much greater, in that *Diego* whom
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,
Is dull in his returne. *Enter Antonio and Diego.*

Vil. His Master happily hath commanded him
To attend him homewards, this is recompenc'd
Already, looke they are come;
Y'are welcome sir.

Ant. Oh sister, ere you let fall words of welcome,
Let me unlade a treasure in your care
Able to weigh downe man.

Cast. What treasure brother, you amazē me.

Ant. Never was man so blest,
As heavens had studied to enrich me herē,
So am I fortunate.

Vil. You make me covetous.

Ant. I have a friend.

Vil. You have a thousand fir, is this your treasure?

Ant. But I have one more worth then millions,
And he doth onely keepe alive that name
Of friendship in his breast, pardon *Villandros*,
Tis not to straine your love, whom I have tried,
My worthiest cozen.

Cast. But where is this same friend, why came he not
To *Eluam* with you, sure he cannot be
Deare to you Brother, to whom I am not indebted
At least for you.

Die. I have many deare friends too, my Taylor is one
To whom I am indebted

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. His Commission
Stretch'd not so farre, a Fathers tie was on him,
But I have his noble promise, er't be long,
We shall enjoy him.

Cast. Brother I hope
You know how willingly I can entertaine
Your blisse, and make it mine, pray speake the man
To whom we owe so much.

Ant. I were not charity to starve you thus with shaddowes,
Take him, and with him in thy bosome locke
The Mirrour of fidelity, *Don Sebastian.*

Cast. I oft have heard you name him full of worth,
And upon that relation have laid up,
One deare to my remembrance.

Ant. But he must be dearer *Castabella*, harke you sister,
I have beene bold upon thy vertue, to
Invite him to you, if your heart be free:
Let it be empty ever, if he doe not
Fill it with noblest love, to make relation,
What zeale he gave of a worthy nature,
At our last parting (when betwixt a sonney
And friend he so divided his affections
And our did both) you would admire him: were
I able I would build a temple where
We tooke our leave,
The ground it selfe was hallowed
So much with his owne piety; *Diego* saw it.

Die. Yes sir, I saw, and heard, and wondred.

Ant. Come I will tell you all, to your chamber sister,
Diego our plot must on, all time is lost
Vntill we try the mooving.

Die. If the plot please you sir, let me alone to play my part
I warrant you.

Ant. Come *Castabella*, and prepare to heare
A story not of length but worth your care.

Exeunt

Enter Valarezo, Valasco, and Catalina.

Val. You have nor deair so honourably sir,
As did become you, to proccede so farre

Without

The Maides Revenge.

Without my knowledge, give me leave to tell you
You are not welcome.

Val. My Lord I am sorry,
If I have any way transgressed, I was not
Respectlesse of your honour, nor my fame,
Valasco shall be unhappy, if by him
You shall derive a stain, my actions faire,
I have done nothing with *Berinthia*,
To merit such a language, twas not ripe,
For me to interrupt the father, when I knew not
What grace I held with her.

Vil. Hell on her grace, is this her duty? ha,
I can forget my nature if she dare
Make so soone forfeit of her piety;
Oh where is that same awfull dread of Parent,
Should live in children; tis her ambition
To out runne her sister, but Ile curb her impudence,

Cata. Retire your selfe, this passion must have way,
Tis workes as I would have it, feare nothing fir,
Obscure.

Exit Val.

Vil. He cloyster her, and starve this spirit,
Makes her deceive my trust; *Catalina*
Vpon thy duty I command thee, take
Her custody on thee, keepe her from the eye
Of all that come to *Auerro*, let her discourse
With pictures on the wall, I feare she hath
Forgot to say her prayers, is she growne sensuall?

Cata. But my Lord.

Vil. Oh keepe thy accents for a better cause,
She hath contemnd us both, thou canst not see
What blemish she derives unto our name.
Yet these are sparkes, he hath a fire within,
Will turne all into flames, wheres *Valasco*?

Cata. Good sir, a much afflicted worthy Gentleman,
At your displeasure.

Vil. Thou art too full of pittie, nay th'art cruell
To thy owne fame, he must not have access
To prosecute, it was my doting sinne,

The Maides Revenge.

Of too much confidence in *Berinthia*,
Gave her such libertie, on my blessing punish it,
Twill be a vertuous act, the snow I thought
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste,
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But shees dissolv'd, to thee Ile leave her now,
Be the maintainer of thy Fathers vow.

Exit

Val. Why I am undone now.

Cata. Nothing lesse, this conflict
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian,
Love smiles upon you, I am not inconstant,
Having more power to assist you, but away,
We must not be disceri'd, expect ere long
To heere what you desire.

Val. My blisse I remember.

Exit

Cata. *Berinthia*, y^e are my prisoner, at my kisure
Ile study on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to my selfe, when I am kind to thee.

Exit

Actus. 3. Scena 1.

Enter Sebastiano, Berinthia, Anfilva, Diego meetes them.

Seb. **V**elcome honest *Diego*, your Master *Antonio* is in
health I hope.

Die. He commanded me, remember his service to you, I
have obtaind his leave for a small abience to perfect a suite I
lately commenc'd in this Court.

Seb. You follow it close me thinks *Berinthia*, I see this cloud
Vanish already, be not deject: d, soone
Ile know the depth ont, should the world forsake thee,
Thou shalt not want a brother deere *Berinthia*.

Exit

Secretly gives her a Letter.

Die. This is my Lady *Berinthia*, prethee let me shew
Some manners, Madam my Master *Antonio* speake his
Service to you in this paper: alas Madam, I was but
Halfe at home, and I am returnd to see if I can recover

The

The Maides Revenge.

The tother peēce of my selfe, so, was it not a reasonable Complement.

Ber. Antonio, he's constant I perceive.

Exit

Die. So, we are alone, sweet Mistresse *Ansilva*, I am bold
To renew my suite, which least it should either
Fall or depend too long, having past my declaration,
I shall desire to come to a judgement,
My cause craves nothing but justice,
That is, that you would be mine; and now sincē
Your selfe is judge also, I beseech you be not partiall
In your owne cause, but give sentence for the plaintiffe, and
I will discharge the fees of the Court on this fashion.

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to rest my soule on,
In midst of all unhappinesse, which I looke on,
With the same comfort a distressed Sea man
A farre off, viewes the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the Seas doe toss his reeling barkē,
Twixt hope and danger, thou shalt be conceald.

She mistaking as she moved, put up the Letter, it falls downe.

Anf. Heres my Lady *Berinthia*.

Die. What care I for my Lady *Berinthia*, and she thinkes
Much, would she had one to stoppe her mouth.

Anf. But I must observe her, upon her fathers displeasure,
She is committed to my Ladies custody, who hath made
Me her keeper, she must be lockt up.

Die. Ha, lockt up.

Anf. Madam, it is now timē you would retire to your owne
Chamber.

Ber. Yes, prethee doe *Ansilva* in this gallery,
I breathe but too much aire, oh *Diego* youle have
An answer I perceive, ere you returne.

Die. My journey were to no purpose else Madam, I apprehend her, ile waite an opportunity, alas poore Lady, is my sweete heart become a jaylor, there's hope of an office without money.

Enter Ansilva hastily.

Anf. *Diego* I spy my Lady *Catalina* comming this way, pray
throwd your selfe behinde this cloth, I would be loath shee
should

The Maides Revenge.

Should see us here together, quickly, I heare her treading:

Enter Catalina.

Cata. Anſiſua.

Anſ. Madam.

Cata. Who's with you? *Anſ.* No body Madam.

Cata. Was not *Diego* with you, *Antonios* man?

Anſ. He went from me Madam halfe an houre agoe,
To viſit friends ith' City.

Cat. He hath not ſeene *Berinthia* I hope.

Anſ. Vnleſſe he can pierce ſtone walls Madam, I am ſure.

Cat. Direct *Don Valasco* hither by the backe ſtaires,
I expect him.

Anſ. I ſhall Madam.

Cat. Ha, whats this? a Letter to *Berinthia*, from whom
Subſcrib'd? *Antonio*, what devill broughe this hit'er?
Furies torment me not, he, while I am *Antonio* expect
Not I can be other then thy ſervant, all my thoughts
Are made ſacred with thy remembrance, whole hope
Sustaines my life, oh I drinke poyſon from theſe fatall accents,
Be thy ſoule blacker then the inke that ſtaines
The curſed paper, would each droppe had ſalne
From both your hearts, and every Character
Beene tex'd with blood, I would have tir'd mine eyes
To have read you both dead here, upon my life
Diego hath beene the cunning Mercury
In this conveyance, I ſuſpect his love
Is but a property to advance this ſuire.

But I will croſſe um all;

Enter Valasco.

Don Valasco, you are ſeaſonably arriv'd,

I have a Letter for you.

Val. For me?

Cata. It does concerne you.

Val. Ha.

Cata. How doe you like it fir?

Val. As I ſhould a Pynard ſticking here, how came
You by it?

Cata. I found it here by accident oth' ground,
I am ſure it did not grow there, I ſuppoſe

Diego, the ſervant of *Antonio*

Who colourably pretends affection

The Maides Revenge.

To *Ansilva*, brought it, hees the agent for him.
Now the designe appeares, day is not more conspicuous
Then this cunningg.

Val. I am resolv'd,

Cat. For what?

Val. *Antonio* or I must change our ayre,
This is beyond my patience, sleepe in this
And never wake to honour, oh my fates,
He takes the freehold of my soule away,
Berinthia, and it, are but one creature,
I have beene a tame foole all this while,
Swallowed my poyson in a fruitelesse hope,
But my revenge, as heavy as *Ioves* wrath,
Wrapt in a thunderbolt is falling on him,

Cat. Now you appeare all noblenesse, but collect
Draw up your passions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glasse that fires
Surest ith small'est beame, he that would kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,
Farre from the heart of him he fights withall,
Looke where you most can danger, let his head
Bleed out his braines, or eyes, aime at that part
Is deere't to him, this once put to hazzard,
The rest will bleed to death.

Val. Apply this Madam.

Cat. The time invites to action, ile be brieve,
Strike him through *Berinthia*.

Val. Ha.

Cat. Mistake me not, I am her sister,
Shee is his heart, make her your owne, you have
A double victory, thus you may kill him
With most revenge, and give your owne desires,
A most confirm'd possession, fighting with him,
Can be no conquest to you, if you meane
To strike him dead, pursue *Berinthia*,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,
It will appeare but justice, all this is
Within your fathom sir.

Val. Tis some divinity hangs on your tongue.

Cat. If you consent *Berinthia* shall not see,

The Maides Revenge.

More sunnes till you enjoy her.

Val. How deere Madam.

Cat. Thus, you shall steale her away.

Val. Oh when? *Cat.* Provide

Such trusty friends, but let it not be knowne

Vpon your honour, I assist you in't.

And after midnight when soft sleepe hath charm'd

All senses, enter the Garden gate.

Which shall be open for you, to know her chamber

A candle shall direct you in the Window,

Anfilva shall attend too, and provide

To give you entrance thence take *Berinthia*,

And soone convey her to what place you thinke

Secure and most convenient, in small time

You may procure your owne conditions;

But sir you must engage your selfe to use her

With honourable respects, she is my sister,

Did not I thinke you noble, for the world

I would not runne that hazzard.

Val. Let heaven forsake me then, was ever mortall

So bound to womans care, my mothers was

Halfe paid her at my birth, but you have made me

An everlasting debtor.

Cat. Select your friends, bethinke you of a place

You may transpōse her.

Val. I am all wings.

Exit

Cat. So, when gentle physicke will not serve, we must

Apply more active, but there is

Yet a receipt behind; *Valastoe* shallow,

And will be planet stricke, to see *Berinthia*

Dye in his armes: tis so, yet he him selfe

Shall carry the suspition, if art,

Or hell can furnish me with such a poyson,

Sleepe thy last sister, whilst thou livest I have,

No quiet in my selfe, my rest thy grave.

Exit

Diego comes from behinde the hangings,

Die. Goe thy wayes, and the devill wants a breeder thou

Act

The Maides Revenge.

Art for him, one spirit and her selfe are able to furnish
Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all,
I shall love hangings the better while I live:
I perceive some good may be done behind em,
But ile acquaint my Lady *Berinthia*,
Heres her chamber I observ'd: Madam, Madam
Berinthia, *Berinthia above*.

Ber. Whose there?

Die. Tis I *Diego*, I am *Diego*.

Ber. Honest *Diego*, what good newes,

Die. Yare undone, undone lost, undone for ever; it is time
now to be serious.

Ber. Ha,

Die. Wheres my Master *Antonios* Letter.

Ber. Here, where, ha, alas, I feare I have lost it.

Die. Alas you have undone your selfe, and your sister, my
Lady *Catalina* hath found it, and is mad with rage, and envy
against you; I overheard your destruction, she hath shewed
it to *Don Valasco*, and hath plotted that he shall steale you a-
way this night, the doores shall be left open the house after
twelve.

Ber. You amaze me, tis impossible.

Die. Doe not cast away your selfe, by incredulity, upon my
life your fate is cast, nay more, worse then that.

Ber. Worse?

Die. You must be poysoned too, oh shees a cunning devill,
and she will carry it so, that *Valasco* shall bee suspected for
your death, what will you doe?

Ber. I am overcome with amazement?

Die. Madam remember with what noble love my Master
Antonio does honour you; and now both save your selfe, and
make him happy, how.

Ber. I am lost man.

Die. Feare not, I will engage my life for your safety,
Seeme not to have knowledge or suspicion, be carefull
What you receive, least you be poyson'd, leave the
Rest to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shall spoyle
Their musicke, and prevent all danger I warrant you,

The Maides Revenge.

By any meane be smooth, and pleasant, the devils
A knave, your sisters a Traytor, my Master is your noble
Friend, I am your honest servant, and Valasco shall
Shake his eares like an annimall.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for.

Die. Then cut of my eares, slit my nose, and make a devill
of me, shall I about it say, tis done.

Ber. Any thing thou art honest, heaven be neare,
Still to my innocence, I am full of feare.

Die. Spurre cut and away then.

Exeunt

*Enter Signior Sharkino in his study furnished with glasses,
viols, pictures of wax characters, wands, conjuring
habis, Powders paintings, and Scaraboe.*

Sh. Scaraboe.

Sca. Sir.

Sb. Is the doore tongue tide, scrue your selfe halfe out at
one of the crevices, and give me notice what patient approach
es me.

Sca. I can runne through the key hole sir.

Sb. This *fucus* beares

A lively tincture, oh the cheek must blush
That weares it, their deceiv'd that say

Art is the ape of nature.

Sca. Sir.

Sh. Who ist?

Sca. My Ladies apron strings, Mistris *Ansilva* her chamber-
maide.

Sb. Admit her.

Enter Ansilva.

Ans. How now raw head and bloody bones, wheres the
Doctor *Sharkino*? oh here he is.

Sb. How does your vertuous Ladie.

Ans. In good health sir.

Wheres the *Fucus*, and the Powder.

Sb. All is prepared here.

Ans. To see what you can doe, many make legges, and you
make faces sir.

Sb. Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough
for some to set a good face on't, oh Ladies may now and then
commit a slip, and have some colour for't, but these are but
the out sides of our art, the things we can prescribe to be ta-
ken

The Maides Revenge.

ken inwardly, are pretty curiosities, we can prolong life.

Ans. And kill too can you not?

Sh. Oh any that will goe to the price.

Ans. You have poysons I warrant you, how doe they looke, pray lets see one.

Sh. Oh naturall, and artificiall. *Nessus* blood was milke To em, an extraction of Todes and Vipers, looke Heres a parcell of *Claudius Cæsars* posset, Given him by his wife *Agrippina* here is some of *Hannibals* medicine he carried alwaies in the Bummell of his sword, for a dead list, a very active Poyson, which passing the *Orifice*, kindles Strait a fire, inflames the blood, and makes the marrow Fly, have you occasion to apply one.

Ans. Introth we are troubled with a rat in my Ladies Chamber.

Sh. A Rat, give him his bane, would you destroy a City, I have *probatum* of *Italian* Sallets, and our owne Country figs shall doe it rarely, a Rat, I have scarce a poyson so base, the worst is able to kill a man, I have all sorts, from a minute to seven yeares in operation, and leave no markes behinde em, a Rats a Rat.

Ans. Pray let me see a remover at twelvē houres, and I would be loath to kill the poore thing presently.

Sh. Here, you may cast it away upon't, but tis a disparagement to the poyson.

Ans. This will content you.

Sh. Becaufe it is for a Rat you shall pay no more, my service to my Ladie, my poysons howsoever I give them, variety of operations are all but one. *Knocks within.* Honest Rats bane in severall shapes, their vertue is common, and will not be long in killing; you were best looke it be a Rat, *Scarabeus*.

Sca. Sir heres a Gallant enquires for Doctor *Sharkino*.

Sh. Vsher him in, it is some *Dona*.

Enter Count de Mont Nigro.

Count. Is your name Signior *Sharkino* the famous Doctor.

Sh. They

The Maides Revenge.

Sb. They call me *Sharkins*.

Count. Doe you not know me?

Sb. Your gracious pardon.

Count. I am *Count de Monte Nigro*.

Sb. Your honours sublimity doth illustrate this habitation;
Is there any thing wherein *Sharkins* may expresse
His humble service? if ought within the circumference
Of a Medicinall or Mathematicall science,
May have acceptance with your celsitude,
It shall devolve it selfe.

Count. Devolve it selfe, that word is not in my Table bookes,
what are all these trinkets?

Sb. Take heede I beseech your honour, they are dangerous,
this is the devils girdle.

Count. A pox oth devill, what have I doe with him,

Sb. It is a dreadfull circle of conjuration, fortified
With sacred characters against the power
Of infernall spirits, within whose round I can tread
Safely, when hell burnes round about me.

Count. Not unlikely.

Sb. Will you see the devill sir?

Count. Ha, the devill? not at this time, I am in some haste,
Any thing but the devill I durst fight with all, harke
You Doctor, letting these things passe, hearing
Of your skill, I am come in my owne person, for
A fragment of your art, harke you, have you any
Receipts to procure love sir?

Sb. All the degrees of it, this is ordinary.

Count. Nay I would not have it too strong. the Lady I intend it for, is pretty well taken already, an easing working thing does it.

Sb. Heres a powder whose ingrediences were fetch'd
From *Arabia* the happy, a sublimation of the Phoenix
Ashes, when she last burned her selfe, it beares the
Colour of sinamon, two or three scruples put into
A cup of wine, fetches up her heart, she can scarce
Keepe it in, for running out of her mouth to you
My noble Lord,

Count.

The Maides Revenge.

Count. That, let me have that, Doctor I know tis deare,
Will that gold buy it?

Sb. Your honour is bountifull, there needs no circumstance,
Minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to
operation.

Count. So, so *Catalina*, I will put your mornings draught
In my pocket——*Knocke at the doore*
Doctor, I would not be seene.

Sb. Please you my Lord obscure your selfe behinde these
hangings then, till they be gone, Ile dispatch 'em the sooner;
or if your honour thinke fit, tis but clouding your person with
a simple cloake of mine, and you may at pleasure passe with-
out discovery, my Anatomy shall waite on you.

Enter three Servingmen.

1 Prethee come backe yet.

2 Oh by any meanes goe *laynes*.

1 Dost thou thinke it possible that any man can tell where
thy things are, but he that stole 'em, hee's but a jugling impos-
ster, a my conscience, come backe againe.

2 Nay now wee are at furthest, be not rul'd by him, I
know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when
I was to goe a journey by water, that if I scapt drowning, I
should doe well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3. Well I will try, I am resolv'd; stay, here hee is *Pedro*,
you are acquainted with him, breake the ice, he is alone.

2. Bless you Mr. Doctor; sir presuming on your Art, here
is a fellow of mine, indeede the Butler, for want of a better;
has lost a dozen of Dyaper spoones, and halfe a dozen of sil-
ver Napkins yesterday, they were seene by all three of us in
the morning betweene sixe and seven set up, and what spirit
of the Buttery hath stollen 'em before eighr, is invisable to our
understanding.

3 He hath delivered you the case right, I beseech you sir
doe what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamenta-
ble case else, heres a gratuity.

1. Now we shall see what the devill can do, hey, heres one
of his spirits I thinke.

Sb. Betweene 7 and 8. the houre; the 1 *Luna*, the 2 *Sa-*

The Maides Revenge,

turne, the 3 *Jupiter*, the 4 *Mars*, the 5 *Sat*, the 6 *Venus*, the 7 *Mercury*, ha then it was stolne, *Mercury* is a thiefe, your goods are stolne.

3 Was *Mercury* the thiefe, pray where dwells he?

Sb. *Mercury* is above the Moone man.

3. Alas fir tis a great way thither.

1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd.

Sb. Well y'are a servant, Ile doe something for you; What will you say, if I shew you the man that stole your Spooones and Napkins presently, will that satisfie you.

3 Ile desire no more, oh good Mr. Doctor.

1 If he does that, ile beleve he has cunning.

Sb. Go to, heares a glasse.

2 Loe you there now.

Sb. Stand your backes North, and stirre not till I bid you; What see you there?

3 Heres nothing.

Sb. Looke agen, and marke, stand yet more North.

3 Now I see somebody. 1 And I.

The Count comes from behind the Hangings and muffled in a cloake steales of the Stage.

Sb. Marke this fellow muffled in the cloake, he hath stolne your spooones and Napkins, does he not skulke.

1 'Foote ris strange, he lookes like a theefe, this Doctor J see is cunning.

3. Oh rogue how shall's come by him, oh for an Officer,

Sb. Yet stirre not.

3. Oh hees gone, where is he?

Sb. Be not too rash, my Art tells me there is danger in't, you must be blindfold all, if you observe me not, all is to no purpose, you must not see till you be forth a doores, shut your eyes, and leade one another, when you are abroad open them, and you shall see agen.

3. The thiefe?

Sb. The same, then use your pleasures, so, be sure you see not, conduct them *Scarabeo*.

Exeunt.

Enter a Maid with an Urinall.

Ma. Oh Mr. Doctor I have got this opportunity to come

The Maides Revenge.

to you, but I cannot stay, heres my water, pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great feare that I have lost ...

Sb. What?

Ma. My maidenhead sir, you can tell by my water.

Sb. Dost not thou know?

Ma. Oh I doe somewhat doubt my selfe, for this morning when I rose, I found a paire of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great suspicion ever since, it is an evill signe they say, and one does not know what may be in those breeches sometimes; sweete Mr. Doctor, am I a maid still or no, I would be sorry to loose my maidenhead ere I were aware, I feare I shall never be honest after it.

Sb. Let me see *Vrina meretrix*; the colour is a strumpet, but the contents deceive not, your maidenhead is gone,

Ma. And is there no hope to finde it againe?

Sb. You are not every body, by my Art, as in other things that have beene stolne, he that hath stolne your maidenhead shall bring it againe.

Ma. Thanke you sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good newes; oh sweet newes sweet Mr. Doctor. *Exit.*

*Enter Count beating before him the three Servingmen,
they runne in.*

1 Cry your honour mercy, good my Lord,

Count. Out you slaves, oh my toes.

Sb. What ayles your Lordship?

Count. Doctor, I am out of breath, where be these wormes crept, I was never so abused since I was swaddled: hark you; those 3. Rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their Spooones and Napkins; they made a theefe of mee, but I thinke I have made their flesh jelly with kickes and bastinadoes; oh I have no mercy when I set on't, I have made e'm all poore *Johns*, impudent varlets; talke to me of Spooones and Napkins.

Sb. Alas one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

Count. Nay they were all mad, but I thinke I have madded e'm; I feare J have kickt two or three out of their lives; alas

The Maides Revenge.

poore wretches I am sorry for it now, but J have such an humor of beating & kicking when my footes in once:harke you Doctor, is it not within the compasse of your physicke to take downe a mans courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of my selfe to quarrell upon the least affront ich' world, I cannot be kept in, chaines will not hold me : tother day for a lesse matter than this, I kickt halfe a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the streete to the other, for but offering to shrinke betwene mee and the wall; not aday goes o're my head but I hurt some body mortally; poxe a these rogues, I am sorry at my heart I have hurt e'm so, but I cannot forbear.

Sb. This is strange.

Count. How? I can scarce forbear striking you now, for saying it is strange; you would not thinke it: oh the wounds J have given for a very looke; well harke you, if it be not too late, I would be taken downe, but I feare tis impossible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Sb. Take downe your spirit, looke you, dee see this inch and a halfe, how tall a man doe you thinke he was? He was twelve cuits high, and three yards compasse at the waste when I tooke him in hand first, ile draw him through a ring ere I have done with him: I keepe him now to breake my poysons, to eat Spiders and Toades, which is the onely dish his heart wishes for; a Capon destroyes him; and the very sight of beefe or mutton makes him sicke; looke, you shall see him eat his supper, come on your wayes, what say you to this Spider? looke how he leapes.

Sea. Oh dainty.

Sb. Here, saw you that? how many legges now for the hanch of a Toade.

Sea. Twenty, and thanke you sir, oh sweete Toade, oh admirable Toade.

Count. This is very strange, I nere saw the like. I never knew Spiders and Toades were such good meates before; will he not burst now?

Sb. It shall nere swell him, by to morrow hee shall be an inch

The Maides Revenge.

inch abated, and I can with an other experiment plumpē him and highen him at my pleasure; file warrant ile take you downe my Lord.

Count. Nay but deē here, doe I looke like a Spider-catcher, or Toade-eater.

Sb. Farre be it from *Shurkins*, I have gentle pellets for your Lordship; shall melt in your mouth; and take of your valour insensibly; Lozenges that shall comfort your stomacke; and but at a weeke restraine your fury; two or thred thoughts; does your honour thinke I would forget my selfe. I shew you by this Rat what I can doe by Art: your Lordship shall have an easie composition, no hurt itt; world in's; here take but halfe a dozen of these going to bed; at'e morning it shall worke gently, and in the vertue appeare every day after-ward.

Count. But if I find my selfe brēaking out into fury, I may take e'm often; heres for your pellets of Lozenges, what rare physicke is this? Ile put it in practise presently, farewell Doctor.

Sb. Happinesse wait on your egregious Lordship, my physicke shall make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, beleve it when you finde it; with any lies we must let forth our simples and compositions to utter them: so this is a good dayes worke; leane chaps lay up, and because you have perform'd hamfomly, there is some silver for you, lay up my properties: Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive, when honest plainnesse know not how to live.

Exit.

Enter Catalina and Anselma.

Cat. Art sure she has tane it?

Anf. As sure as I am alive? she never eate with Such an appetite, for I found none left, I would Be loath to have it so sure in my belly, it will worke Rarely twelve houres hence.

Cat. Thus we worke sure then, time runnes upon Th'appointed houre, *Valasco* should rid me of all my

The Maides Revenge.

Fear's at once, upon thy life be carefull to direct
Him at his first approach, I am sicke till the
Be deliver'd; be secret as the night, ile to my
Chamber, be very carefull.

Enter Antonio, Villandras, Diego, vizzarded and arm'd.

Ant. Art sure thou hast the time right.

Die. Doubt not, yonder's her chamber, the light
speakes it, softly.

Ans. Whole there? *Valasco?* *Ant.* I.

Ans. That way, make no noise, things are prepared, softly
So, so, this is good I hope and weight too, my Lady
Berinthia will be sure enough anon, I shall nere
Get more higher, I had much ado'e to perswade her
To the spice, but I swore it was a cordiall my Lady
Vs'd her selfe, and poore foole she has swallowed it
Sure.

Enter Ant. with Berinthia, Villan. Diego.

Ant. Madam feare not I am your friend.

Die. Who are you?

Vill. Stop her mouth, away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anfilva.

Ans. So, so, they are gone, alas poore *Valasco* I pittie thee,
But we creatures of pollicicke Ladies must hold the
Same byas with our Mistresses, and tis some pollicy
To make them respect us the better, for feare our
Teeth be not strong enough to keepe in our tongues:
Now must I study out some tale by morning to salute
My old Lord withall.

Enter Valasco, a friend or two armed.

Val. *Anfilva?* *Ans.* Some body calls me, who is it?

Val. It is I *Valasco.*

Ans. What comes he backe for? I hope the poylon does
Not worke already, where have you dispos'd her.

Val. Dispos'd whom?

Ans. My Lady *Berinthia.*

Val. Let me alone to dispose her, prethee where's the light?
Shew us the way.

Ans. What way?

Val. The way to her chamber? come, I know what
You

The Maides Revenge.

You are sick of, here each minute is an age till
I possesse *Berinthia*.

Ans. This is pretty, I hope my Lady is well.

Val. Well?

Ans. My Lady *Berinthia* sir.

Val. Doe you mocke me?

Ans. I mocke you?

Val. I shall grow angry, lead me to
Berinthias chamber, or —

Ans. Why sir, were not you herē even now, and hurried
Her away, I have your gold well fare all good tokens;
I have perform'd my duty already sir, and you had my
Lady.

Val. I am abus'd you are a cunning Devill, I hearē and had
Berinthia, tell me, or with this pistoll, I will soome
Reward thy treachery, wheres *Berinthia*?

Ans. Oh I beseech you doe not fright me so, if you werē
Not here even now, here was another that call'd
Himselfe *Valasco*, to whom I gave acceffe, and
He has carried her away.

Exit.

Val. Am I awake? or doe I dreame this horror:
Where am I? who does know me, are you friends
Of *Don Valasco*?

1. Doe you doubt us sir?

Val. I doubt my selfe, who am I

2. Our noble friend *Valasco*.

Val. Tis so, I am *Valasco*, all the Furies
Circle me round, oh teach me to be mad,
I am abus'd, insufferably tormented,
My very soule is whipt, it had beene safer
For *Catalina* to have plaid with Serpents.

Enter Catalina and Anflva.

Car. Thou talkest of wonders, where is *Valasco*?

Ans. He was here even now.

Val. Who nam'd *Valasco*?

Cata. Twas I, *Catalina*, here.

Val. Could you picke none out of the stocke of man
To mocke bur me, so basely?

Cata.

The Maides Revenge.

Cata. *Valasco* be your selfe, resume your vertue,
My thoughts are cleare from your abuse, it is
No time to vent our passions, fruitlesse rages,
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:
Oh I could feare my braines, as you respect
Your honoures safety, or *Berinthias* love;
Haste to your lodging, which being nere our house,
You shall be sent for; seeme to be rais'd up,
Let us alone to make a noise at home,
Fearefull as thunder; try the event, this cannot
Doe any hurt, you *Ansilva* shall
With clamors wake the household cunningly,
While I prepare my selfe.

Val. I will suspend awhile.

Exeunt.

Ans. Helpe, helpe, theeves, villaines, murder, my Lady:
Helpe oh my Lord, my Lady, murder, theeves, helpe.

Enter Sebastiano in his shirt with a Taper.

Seb. What fearefull cry is this, where are you?

Ans. Here oh I am almost kil'd.

Seb. *Ansilva* where art hurt?

Ans. All over sir, my Lady *Berinthia* is carried away
By Russians, that broke into her chamber, alas
Sees gone.

Seb. Whether? which way?

Enter Villatezo Catalina.

My sister *Berinthia* is violently tane out of her
Chamber, and heres *Ansilva* hurt, see looke about,
Berinthia sister. *Cat.* How *Berinthia* gone? call up the servants,
Ansilva, how wast?

Ans. Alas Madam, I have not my senses about me, I am so
Frighted, vizards, and swords, and pistols, but my
Lady *Berinthia* was quickly seiz'd upon, shees gone.

Vil. What villaines durst attempt it?

Enter Count Monte de nigro with a torch.

I feare *Valasco* guilty of this rape.

Cat. Runne one to his lodging presently, it will appeare
I know he lov'd her, oh my Lord, my sister *Berinthias* lost;

Mont. How? foote my physicke begins to worke, ile come
to you presently.

Exit.

Cat.

The Maides Revenge.

Cat. Wheres *Diego*? he is missing, runne one to his chamber, heres *Valasco*. *Enter Valasco.*

Seb. It is apparant sir, *Valasco* goes noble.

Cat. *Berinthias* stolne away. *Val.* Ha?

Seb. Her Chamber broken open, and shee tane thence this night.

Val. Confusion stay the theefe.

Mount. So, so, as you were saying, *Berinthia* was stolne away by some body, and —

1. *Ser.* *Diego* is not in his chamber.

Cat. Didst breake open the doore?

1. *Ser.* I did, and found all empty.

Mount. How, *Diego* gone? thats strange, oh it workes againe, Ile come to you presently. *Exit*

Cat. I doe suspect —

This some plot of *Antonio*,

Diego, a subtle villaine,

Confirms himselfe an instrument by this absence;

What thinkest *Anselva*?

Anf. Indeed I heard some of them name *Antonio*.

Vil. *Seb.* *Cat.* Ha?

Vil. Tis true upon my soule, oh false *Antonio*.

Cat. Vnworthy Gentleman.

Vil. Let none have the honour to revēge, but I the wrongd *Valasco*, let me beg it sir.

Vil. *Antonio*, boy up before the day,

Vpon my blessing I command thee post

To *Elnas* Castle, iummon that false man

Enter Count.

To quit his shamefull action, bid him returne

Thy sister backe, whose honour will be lost

For ever in't, if he shall dare deny her,

Double thy Fathers spirit, call him to

A strickt account, and with thy sword enforce him;

Oh I could leape out of my age me thinks,

And combat him my selfe: be thine the glory,

This staine will never wash off, I feele it settle

On all our blood, away, my curse pursue

This disobedience.

Exit

Val.

The Maides Revenge.

Val. I had an interest in *Berinthia*,
Why have not I commission, I have a sword,
Thirsteth to be acquainted with his veines;
It is too meane a satisfaction
To have her rendred, on his heart I de write
A most just vengeance.

Seb. Sir she is my sister, I have a sword dares tēte
A wound as farre as any; spare your valour.

Cat. I have a trick to be rid of this foole, my Lord
Doe you accompany my brother, you
I know are valiant.

Moun. Any whither, Ile make me ready presently. *Exit*

Seb. My most unhappy sister. *Exit*

Cat. Oh I could surfet, I am confident
Antonio hath her, tis revenge beyond
My expectation, to close up the eyes
Of his *Berinthia*, dying in his armes,
Poyson'd maturely, mischief I shall prove
Thy constant friend, let weakēesse vertue love.

ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Antonio, Berinthia, Castabella, Villandras, Sforza, Diego.

Ant. **T**He welcom'st guest that ever *Eluas* had
Sister, *Villandras* yare not sensible what treasure
You possesse, I have no loves, I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed Madam, yare as welcome here, as ere my mother was.

Vil. And you are herē as safe, as if you had an army for your Guard.

Sfor. Safe armies, and gnard; *Berinthia* yare a Lady,
But I meane not to court you: guard notha, here's
A Toledo, and an old arme, tough bones and sinewes,
Able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder,
Thart *Antonios* guest, welcome by the old bones
Of his Father, th'ast a wall of brasse about thee.
My young Daffodill.

The Maides Revenge.

Vil. Nor thinke my noble cozen meaneth you any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour, it is a language I never understood, yet
Throw off your feares *Berinthia*, yare ith' power
Of him that dares nor thinke
The least dishonour to you.

Sfor. True by this buffe jerkin, that hath look'd ith face of
an Army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it, *Antonio* is
Lord of the Castle, but ile command fire to the gunnes, upon
any Renegado that confronts us, set thy heart at rest my gillo-
flower, we are all friends I warrant thee, and hees a Turke
that does not honour thee from the haire of thy head, to thy
petticoes.

Ant. Come be not sad.

Cass. Put on fresh blood, yare not cheerfull, how doe you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you,
Your loves I cannot be ungratefull to,
Yare my best friends I thinke, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid ?
To take your faire life from you.

Ber. If all be not a dreame, I doe remember
Your servant *Diego* told me wonders, and
Towe you for my preservation, but ———

Sfor. Shoote not at Buts, *Cupids* an archer, heres a faire
marke, a fooles bolts soone shor, my names *Sforza* still, my
double Daisie.

Cass. It is your happinesse you have escaped the malice of
your sister.

Vil. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have beene quit,
By such an honourer as *Antonio* is
Of faire *Berinthia*.

Ber. Oh but my Father, under whose displeasure I ever

Ant. You are secure (sinke.

Ber. As the poore Deere that being pursuid, for safety
Gets up a rocke that over hangs the Sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction,

The Maides Revenge.

Before the waves, behinde her enemies

Promise her certaine ruine.

Ant. Faine not your selfe so haplesse my *Berinthia*,
Rasse your defected thoughts, be merry, come,
Thinke I am your *Antonio*.

Cast. It is not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us,
Since were they bad, the memorie is sweete,
That we have past them, looke before you Lady,
The future most concerneth.

Ber. You have awak'd me, *Antonio* pardon,
Vpon whose honour I dare trust my selfe,
I am resole'd if you dare keepe me here,
T'expect some happier issue.

Ant. Dare keepe thee here? with thy consent, I dare
Deny thy Father, by this sword I dare,
And all the world.

Sfor. Dare, what giant of vallour dares hinder us, from da-
ring to slit the weasands of them that dare say, wee dare not
doe any thing, that is to be dared under the poles, I am old
Sforza, that in my dayes have scoured rogues faces with hot
bals, made em cut crosse capers, and sent them away with a
powder, I have a company of roring buls upon the wals, shall
spit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares say, we dare
not fight pell mell, and still my name is *Sforza*.

Enter Diego hastily.

Die. Sir your noble friend *don Sebastiano* is at the castle gate,

Ant. Your brother Lady, and my honoured friend,
Why doe the gates not spread themselves, to open.
At his arrivall *Sforza*, tis *Berinthias* brother,
Sebastiano the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweete sister,

Ber. Alas I feare.

Ant. Be not such a coward Lady, he cannot come
Without all goodnesse waiting on him, *Sforza*,
Sforza I say, what pretious time we lose,
Sebastiano, I almost lose my selfe
In joy to meete him, breake the iron barres.

And

The Maides Revenge.

And give him entrance.

Sfor. He breake the wals downe, if the gates be too little.

Cast. I much desire to see him.

Ant. Sister, now hees come, he did promise me
But a short absence, he of all the world
I would call brother, *Castabella* more
Then for his sisters love, oh hees a man
Made up of merit, my *Berinthia*
Throw off all cloudes, *Sebastianos* come.

Ber. Sent by my Father to ----

Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here.
Respected like thy selfe, *Berinthia*,
Attended with *Antonio*, begitt with armies of thy servants.

Enter Sebastiano Mounte Nigro, Sforza.

Oh my friend.

Seb. Tis yet in question sir, and will not be
So easily proved.

Moun. No sir, weele make you prove your selfe our friend.

Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake?
Or doe I dreame *Sebastiano* frownes.

Seb. *Antonio* I come not now to Complement,
While you were noble, I was not least of them
You cald your friends, but you are guilty of
An action that destroyes that name.

Sfor. Bones a your Father, does he come to swagger,
My name is *Sforza* then.

Ant. No more,
I guiltie of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship;
Come y'are not in earnest, tis enough I know
My selfe *Antonio*.

Seb. Adde to him ungratefull.

Ant. T was a foule breath deliverd it, and wert any
But *Sebastiano*, he should feele the weight
Of such a falshood.

Seb. Sister you must along with me.

Ant. Now by my Fathers soule, he that takes her hence
Vnlesse she give consent, treads on his grave,

The Maides Revenge.

Sebastiano, y^e are unnoble then,
Tis I that said it.

Mount. So it seemes.

Seb. Antonio, for here I throw of all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render her :
Now if thou beest a Souldier redeliver,
Or keepe her with the danger of thy person,
Thou canst not be my brother, till we first
Be allied in blood.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And that have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame.

Mount. So, so, he will submit himselfe, it will be our honor.

Ant. Wert in your power, would you not account it
A pretious victory, in your sisters cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour ?

Seb. I were ungratefull.

Ant. You have told your selfe, and I have argument to
prove this.

Seb. Why would you have me thinke, my sister owes to
you such preservation ?

Ant. Oh *Sebastiano*,
Thou dost not thinke what devill lies at home
Within a sisters bosome, *Catalina*,
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poyson
Had rob'd the earth of more then all the world,
Her vertue.

Seb. You must not beate my resolution off
With these inventions sir.

Ant. Be not cozend,
With your credulity, for my blood, I value it
Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodnesse,
In such a quarrell kill thee: but heare all,
And then you shall have fighting your heart full.

The Maides Revenge.

Valasco was the man, appointed by
That goodly sister to steale *Berinthia*,
And Lord himselfe of this possession,
Just at that time; but heare and tremble at it,
Shée by a cunning poyson should have breath'd
Her soule into his armes, within two houres,
And so *Valasco* should have borne the shame
Of theft and murder; how doe you like this sir?

Seb. You amaze me sir.

Ant. Tis true by honours selfe, heare it confirm'd,
And when you will, I am ready.

Vil. Pitty such valour should be imployd,
Vpon no better cause, they will enforme him.

Monnt. Harke you sir, dee thinke this is true?

Vil. I dare maintaine it.

Monnt. Thats another matter, why then the case is
Altered, what should we doe fighting, and lose
Our lives to no purpose.

Sf. It seemes you are his second.

Monnt. I am *Count de Monse Nigro*.

Sfor. And my names *Sforza* sir, you were not best to come
here to brave us, unlesse you have more legges and armes at
home, I have a saza shall picke holes in your doubler, and firke
your shankes, my gallimaufry.

Seb. I cannot but beleeeve it, oh *Berinthia*,
I am wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, then truth,
I am bound to answer, but I would I had
Such an advantage gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause, all vallour fights
But with a sayle against it.

Vil. Take a time to informe your father sir, my noble
Cozen is to be found here constant.

Seb. But will you backe with me then?

Ber. Excuse me brother, I shall fall too soone
Vpon my sisters malice, whose foule guilt
Will make me expect more certaine ruine,

Ant.

The Maides Revenge.

Ant. Now *Sebastiano*
Puts on his judgement, and assumes his noblenesse,
Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To *Villarezas* house, neglect of father,
Whose precepts bindes me to returne with her,
Or leave my life at *Elnas*, I must on,
I have heard you to no purpose, shall *Berinthia*
Backe to *Avero*.

Ant. Sir she must not yet, tis dangerous.

Seb. Choose thee a second then, this Count and I
Meane to leave honor here.

Vill. Honour me sir.

Ant. Tis done, *Sebastiano* shall report
Antonio just and noble. *Sforza* sweare
Vpon my Sword, oh doe not hinder me
If victory crowne *Sebastianoes* arme.
I charge thee by thy honesty restore
This Lady to him, on whose lip I seale
My unstain'd faith.

Mount. Vmh, tis a rare physitian, my spirit is abas'd.

Cass. Brother.

Ber. Brother.

Seb. And wilt thou be dishonour'd?

Ber. Oh doe not wrong the Gentleman, beleve it
Dishonour nere dwelt here, and he hath made
A most religious vow, not in a thought
To stain my innocence, he does not force me
Remember, what a noble friend, you make
A most just enemy, he sav'd my life,
Be not a murtherer, take yet a time,
Runne not your selfe in danger for a cause
Carries so little justice.

Mount. Faith sir, if you please take a time to thinke on't, a
month or two or three, they shall not say but wee are hono-
rable.

Cass. You gave him to my heart a Gentleman, *Seb.* whist.
Complete with goodnesse, will you rob the world

And

The Maides Revenge.

And me at once, alas I love him.

Ant. Never man fought with a lesser heart, the conquest
Will be but many deaths, he is her brother,
My friend, this poore girles joy.

Mount. With all my heart, Ile post to *Avero* presently.

Seb. Let it be so *Antonio*.

Cast. Alas pore *Castabella*, what a conflict
Feeest thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,
And I must die, who ere hath victory.

Ant. Then friend againe, and as *Sebastiano*,
I bid him welcome, and who loves *Antonio*
Must speake that language.

Sfor. Enough, not a Mastie upon the Castle walls
But shall barke too, I congratulate thee, if thou
Beelest friend to the Castle of *Eluas*, and still my name
Is *Sforza*.

Ant. Well said my brave *Adelantado*, come *Sebastiano*,
And my *Birinthia* by to morrow we shall know
The truth of our felicity.

Exeunt

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. What are the Nobles more than common men,
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuse; as greatnesse were a marke
Stucke by them but to give direction
For men to shoote indignities upon them?
Are we call'd Lords of riches we possesse,
And can defend them from the ravishing hand
Of strangers, when our children are not safe
From theeves and robbers, none of us can challenge
Such right to wealth and fortunes of the world,
Being things without us; but our children are
Essentiall to us, and participate
Of what we are: part of our very nature,
Our selves but cast into a younger mold,
And can we promise, but so weake assurance
Of so neere treasures. O *Villarezo* shall
Thy age be trampled on, no, it shall not,
I will be knowne a father, *Portugall*

H

Shall

The Maides Revenge.

Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,

It will be a barre in *Vilarezes* armes

Past all posterity ;

Enter Catalina,

Come *Catalina*, thou wilt stay with me,

Prepare to welcome home *Sebastiano*,

Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage

Ambitious girle *Berinthia*.

Cat. Alas sir, censure not her too soone,

Till she appeare guilty. *Vil.* Heres thy vertue still,

To excuse her *Catalina*, no beleeeve it,

Shes naught, past hope, I have an eye can see

Into her very heart, thou art too innocent. *Enter Valasco,*

Valasco welcome too, *Berinthia*

Is not come home yet, but we shall see her

Brought backe with shame ; and ist not justice, ha ?

What can be shame enough ?

Fal. Your daughter sir ?

Vil. My daughter ? doe not call her so, she has not

True blood of *Vilarezo* in her veines;

She makes her selfe a bastard, and deserves

To be cut off like a disordered branch.

Disgracing the faire tree she springeth from.

Val. Lay not so great a burthen on *Berinthia*,

Her nature knowes not to degenerate ;

Vpon my life she was not yeelding, to

The injurious action ; if *Antonio*

Have plaied the theefe, let your revenge fall there,

Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not

Sebastianos fury, he should feele it

More heavy than his Castle, what can be

Too just for such a sinne ?

Vil. Right, right *Valasco*, I doe love thee fort,

Tis so, an. thou shalt see I have a sence

Worthy my birth and person.

Val. 'Twill become you, but I marvell we heare nothing

Of their successe at *Eltas*, by this time

I would have sent *Antonio* to warme

His fathers ashes, doe you not thinke sir ?

Sebastiano.

The Murtherers Revenge.

Sebastiano will not be reviv'd,
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour; heres the Count.

Enter Monte negro sweating.
Car. How, the Count? I sent him thither to be rid on him;
The foole has better fortune than I wisht him,
But now I shall heare that, which will more comfort me,
My sisters death most certainly.

Mont. My Lord, I have rid him, read there, your sonne
And daughter is well.

Mont. Madam. *Car.* Ha, well?

Mont. In good health, she has commendations to you
In that letter.

Val. And is *Antonius* living?

Mont. Yes, and remembers his service to you,

Val. Has he then yeelded up *Berinthia*?

Mon. He will yeeld up his ghost first, I know not we were
Going to flesh baste one another, I am sure but the
Matter of felony hangs still, who will cut it downe;

I know not, Madam theres notable matter against you.

Car. Me?

Mont. Vpon my honor there is, be not angry with me,
No lesse than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd
Withall, but you're cleare all I make no question, they
Talke of poysoning.

Car. Am I berray'd?

Mont. Well, I smell, I smell.

Car. What do you smell?

Mont. It was but a trick of theirs to save their lives,

For we were bent to kill all that came against us.

Val. *Catalina* read here, *Valasco*, both of you,

And let me read your faces, ha? they wonder.

Val. Howes this, I steale *Berinthia*?

Car. I poyson my sister.

Val. This doth amaze me.

Car. Father, this letter sayes I would have poysoned my

poore sister, innocence defend me.

Val. It will, it shall, come I acquit you both,

They must not thus foole me.

Mont. Madam I thought as much, my minde gave me, it

Was a lye, yes, you looke like a poysoner, as much

As I looke like a Hobby-horse.

The Maides Revēge,

Cat. Was ever honest love so abused, have I
So poore reward for my affection.

Vil. It shall be so.

Val. Madam I know not how the poyson came in, but I
Feare some have betrayd our plot.

Cat. And how came you off my noble Count.

Mount. As you see without any wounds, but much against
My will I was but one, *Sebastiano*, that was the
Principall, tooke a demurre upon their allegation:
It seemes, and so the matter is rak'd up in the Embers.

Val. To make a greater fire, were you so cold
To credit his excuse, *Antonio*,
I should not have beene so frozen,
As you love honor and revenge, give me
Some interest now, and if I doe not
Shew my selfe faithfull, let *Valasco* have
No name within your memory, let me begge,
To be your Proxie sir, pittie such blood,
As yours should be ignobly cast away;
Maddam speake for me.

Cat. No, I had rather lose this foole.

Mount. And you can get their consents.

Cat. You cannot sir in honour now goe backe:
I shall not thinke you love me, if my father
Point you such noble service to refuse it.

Mount. You heare what she sayes:

Vil. Count *Monte nigro*.

Val. I am all fire with rage.

Vil. *Valasco*, you may accompany the Count,
There may be imployment of your valour too;
Tell me at your returne, whether my sonne
May prove a souldier, heres new warrant for
Antonios death, if there be coldnesse urge it,
Tis my desire, ile study a better service.

Val. I shall.

Vil. Away then both, no complement, I wish you either
Had a Pegasus, be happy, my old bloud boyles, this
Must my peace secure, such sores as these must

Have

The Maides Revenge.

Have a desperate cure.

Exeunt.

Enter Sebast. Castab. Anton. Berinthia.

Seb. This honor Madam of your selfe and brother,
Make me unhappy, when I remember, what
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

Cast. Pitty true friendship should thus suffer.

Ant. Ha? *Seb.* Musicke.

Ant. Some conceit of *Sforza* the old Captaine,
Lets entertaine it, some souldiers device,

A maske of Souldiers.

Godamercy *Sforza*.

Sfor. To your stations now my brave brats of Military
Discipline, enough, *Sforza* honours you, looke to your
Charge Bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,
My invincible dub a dub knights of the Castle,

Qui vala. *Enter Mounte nigro; Valasco.*

Val. We must speake with *Don Sebastiano*.

Sfor. Must? Th'art a Mushrumpe, must, in the Castle of *Eluas*.

Mounte nigro gives a letter.

Ant. Friends; *Sforza*.

Val. What, courting Ladies, by this time 'twas expected
You would have courted fame sir, and wooed her to you;
You shall know me better.

Ant. I doubt you'll never be better, you shall not owe me
More than you shall account for.

Seb. Or else my curse, that word cries out for death.

Cast. My feares perplex me.

Ant. & Seb. whispers.

Val. Madam I doe wonder

You can forget your honour, and reflect
On such unworthinesse, wherein hath *Valasco*
Shewed you lesse merit.

Ber. Sir it becomes not me
To weigh your worths, nor would I learne of you
How to preserve my honour.

Seb. Sister.

Ant. Villandras.

Seb. Then I must take my leave, for I am sent for,
I am sorry for your fate, Madam I am expected

The Maides Revenge.

By a father, your vertue hath made me yours.

Mount. Oh admirable phisitian I

Ant. *Sforza*, there is no remedie, but by all honour doe it,
Sister, I am to waite on him, oh my poore girle
Berintbia, my soule be with thee, for a
Little time excuse my absence.

Sfor. You may walke sir.

Val. *Antonio* I must but now looke on you were
Best take a course not to out live him.

Exeunt Sforza, Villandras: and Ladies.

Ant. *Sebastiano*, I know not with what soule
I draw my sword against thee

Seb. *Antonio* I am driven in a storme
To split my selfe on thee, if not, my curse
We must on sir.

Mount. Rare man of art *Sharkine*.

Vil. Guard thee Count.

Enter Sfor. Val. and Ladies above.

Cast. Treacherous *Sforza*, hast thou brought us hither, to
be strokē dead?

Mount. Hold Gentlemen, give me audience.

Seb. Whars the matter my Lord.

Mount. My sic is on me, tis so, I had forgot my selfe,
This is my ague day.

Seb. How?

Mount. Yes a sextile ague, looke you, doe you not see me
shake, admirable Doctor, it wil be as much as my life is worth
if I should fight a stroke.

Seb. Hell on such basenesse, weele engage no more,
Let our swords try it our.

Val. *Sebastiano* hold, thart not so ill befriended,

Exchange a person, ile leape the battlement.

Mount. Withall my heart, J am sorry it happens so un-
fortunately, oh rare phisitian I

Vil. Good cozen grant it.

Ant. What saies *Sebastiano*.

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted: *Ber.* He shall not goe.

Ant. Meete him my Lord, you will become his place of a
Specta-

The Maides Revenge.

Spectator best. *Enter Valasco.*

Ber. Sebastiano, brother.

Cast. Antonio, here me.

Vil. Guard thee Valasco then.

Cast. O brother spare him for my sake.

*Ber. Sebastiano every wound thou givest him,
Drawes blood from me.*

Cast. Sebastiano, remember hees thy friend.

*Ber. Antonio tis my brother, with whose blood
Thou dyest thy sword.*

Ant. When thou liv'st againe shalt be more honorable.

Kills Valasco.

Sebastiano doe you observe the advantage,
Yet thinke upon't.

Seb. It is not in my power, I value not the odds.

Ber. Hold, Antonio, is this thy love to me, it is not noble.

Seb. So thy death makes the scale even. Kills Villandras.

Cast. Antonio hold, Berinthia dyes.

*Ber. Sebastiano, Castabella sinkes for sorrow, murder, helpe
I will leape downe.*

*Ant. Where art Berinthia, let me breath my last upon thy
lip, make haste, least I die else.*

Seb. Antonio before thou dyest cut off my hand, art wounded mortally?

*Ant. To die by thee is more then death, Sforza be honest,
But love thy sister for me, I'me past hope,
Thou hast undone another in my death.*

Enter Berinthia, Sforza, Mount.

Ber. Antonio stay oh cruell brother.

*Ant. Berinthia thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the
world.*

Sfor. The gate is open, I am sworne to render.

*Ber. Hees not dead, his lips are warme, have you no balsome,
a Surgeon; dead, some charitable hand send my soule after him.*

Seb. Away, away.

*Ber. It will be easie to die,
All life is but a walke in misery.*

Exeunt.

Alfonsus

The Maides Revenge.

Actus 5. Scen. I.

Enter Sebastiano.

Seb. MY friend, my noble friend, that had deserved
Most honorably from me, by this hand
Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use ont,
Haplesse *Sebastiano*; oh *Berinthia*,
Let me for ever lose the name of Brother,
Wilt thou not curse my memory, give me up
To thy just hate a murtherer.

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. Ha, this must not be *Sebastiano*,
I shall be angry if you throw not off
This mellancholly, it does ill become you,
Doe you repent your duty, were the action
Againe presented to be done by thee:
And being done, againe should challenge from thee
A new performance, thou wouldst shew no blood
Of *Villarezos*, if thou didst not runne
To act it, though all horror, death and vengeaunce
Dog'd thee at thy heeles; come I am thy Father,
Value my blessing, and for other peace
Ile to the King, let me no more see thee cloudy.

Exit

Enter Diego, Castabella like a page.

Die. That was his Father.

Cast. No more, farewell, be all silence.

Exit Diego

Cast. Sir.

Seb. Hees newly gone that way, mayst soone ore take him

Cast. My businesse points at you sir.

Seb. At me, what newes? thou hast a face of horreur, more
welcome speake it.

Cast. If your name be *Don Sebastiano*, sir
I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it backe,
Tis not to me, I've not another friend
In all the world.

Cast.

The Maides Revenge.

Cast. He that hath sent you fir this gift, did love you, do I
Youle say your selfe he did, and a shew misd'ed not his de Y

Seb. Ha, name him prethee. *Cast.* I will not name him.

Cast. The friend I came from was *Antonia* d'Albuquerque

Seb. Thou lyest, and that a villane, who hath sent thee
To tempt *Sebastiano*s soule to act on thee
Another death, for thus affrighting me.

Cast. Indeede I doe not mocke, nor come to fright you
Heaven knowes my heart, I know *Antonios* dead,
But twas a gift he in his life design'd
To you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage, what gift is it?

Cast. It is my selfe sir, while *Antonio* liv'd, I was his boy,
But never did boy loose so kinde a Master, in his life he
Promised he would bestow me, so much was his love
To my poore merit, on his dearest friend,
And nam'd you sir, if heaven should point out
To overlive him, for he knew you would
Love me the better for his sake, indeed
I will be very honest to you, and
Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy, oh thou shouldst hate me then,
Th'art false, I dare not trust thee, unto him
Thou shewest thee now unfaithfull to accept
Of me, I kild him thy Master, twas a friend
He could commit thee to, I onely was,
Of all the stocke of men his enemy,
His cruellst enemy.

Cast. Indeede I am sure it was, he spoke all truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeathed me as a legacy
To be your boy; alas I am willing sir
To obey him in it, had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust,
My unprofitable blood, it should have beene
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had beene honour

The Maides Revenge.

To have done him such a duty fir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of mallice,
But in contention with your very soule
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true as Oracle by heaven,
Dost thou beleeve so?

Cast. Indeede I doe. *Seb.* Yet be not rash;
Tis no advantage to belong to me,
I have no power nor greatnesse in the Court,
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To doe my dutie fir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tendernesse
With solititude and passion, for I am
Onely in love with sorrow, never merry,
Weare out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighes and teares; sometimes I walke
To a Wood or River purposely to challenge
The bouldrest Eccho, to send backe my groanes.
It h' height I breake e'm, come I shall undoe thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to beare part
In any of your sorrowes, I nere had
So hard a heart but I could shed a teare
To beare my Master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee if thou'lt dwell with me
For wealth of *Indies*, be my loved boy,
Come in with me, thus Ile begin to do
Some recompence for dead *Antonio*. *Enter Berimbis.*

Ber. So I will dare my fortune to be cruell,
And like a mountainous pece of earth that suckes
The balls of hot Artillery, I will stand
And weary all the gunshot; oh my soule
Thou hast beene too long icy Alpes of snow;
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now
Turne Element of fire, and fill the ayre
With bearded Comets, threatening death and horrour

The Maidens Revenge.

For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, disgrac'd,
Nay murder'd, for with *Anselmo*,
My breath expired, and I but borrow this
To court revenge for justice, if there be
Those furies which doe waite on desperate men,
As some have thought, and guide their hands to mischief:
Come from the wombe of night, assist a maide
Ambitious to be made a monster like you;
I will not dread your shapes, I am dispos'd
To be at friendship with you, and want nought
But your blacke aide to seale it.

Enter Mounte Nigro and Anselva.

Mount. First ile locke up thy *Gives her gold,*
Tongue, and tell thee my honorable meaning, so,
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, I had it of the
Brave Doctor, which I would have thee to sugar
The Ladies cup withall, for my sake wo't do't:
And if I marry her, that find me a noble
Master, and thou shalt be my chiefe Gentlewoman
In Ordinary; keepe thy body loose, and thou shalt
Want no gowne I warrant thee; wo't do't.

Ans. My Lord, I thinke my Lady is much taken with your
worth already, so that this will be superfluous,

Mount. I Nay think she has cause enough, but I have a great
Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are
Halfe a dozen about mee, but I had rather she should have
Me than an other; and my blood is growne so boysterous
For my body, thats another thing; so that if thou wilt
Doe it *Anselva*, thou wilt doe thy Lady good service,
And live in the favour of *Count de Monte Nigro*;
I will make thy children kinne to me, if thou wo't
Do't. *Ans.* I am your honours handmaid, but —

Mount. Heres a Diamond, prethee weare it, be not modest.

Ans. 'Tis done my Lord, urge it no further.

Mount. But be secret too for my honors sake, we great men
Doe not love to have our actions laid open to the
Broad face of the world, Ile get thee with child,
And marry thee to a Knight, my brave *Anselva*, take

The Maides Revenge.

The first opportunity.

Ans. If there be any verttie in the powder, prepare to
Meete your wishes my noble Lord.

Moun. Thy Count *de monte nigro* expect to be a Lady. *Exit.*

Ber. *Ansiva.* *Ans.* Madam.

Ber. Nay you neede not hide it, I heard the conference,
And know the vertue of the powder, let me see it
Or ile discover all. *Ans.* I am undone.

Ber. No, here take it againe; ile not prevent
My sisters happinesse and the Counts desire,
I am no Tell-tale good *Ansiva* giu't her,
And heavens succede the operation,
I begge on my knee; feare not *Ansiva*,
I am all silence.

Exit.

Ans. Indeede Madam, then shee shall haue it presently.

Exit.

Enter Sebastiano, Castabella.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keepe not distance of a servant, lay it
Vpon my love; indeede if it be an errour
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prethee boy be patient;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead *Antonio*, love still rubbes the wounds
To make them bleede afresh.

Cast. Alas they are past,
Binde up your owne for honours sake,
And shew love to your selfe, pray do not lose your reason,
To make your grieft so fruitlesse; I have procur'd
Some mulicke sir to quiet those sad thoughts,
That makes such warre within you.

Seb. Alas good to., it will but adde more weights
Of dulnesse on me, I am stung with worse
Than the *Tarantula*, to be cur'd with mulicke
'T has the exactest unity, but it cannot,
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir this your couch

Scenes

The Maides Revenge.

Seemes to invite to small repose;
Oh I beseech you taste it, ile begge
A little leave to sing; *She sings*

Enter Berinthia.

Sweete sleepe charme his sad senses, and gentle
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round
About hover celestiall Angels with your wings
That none offend his quiet, sleepe begins
To cast his nets o're me too, ile obey
And dreame on him, that dreames not what I am.

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arme my love against it, justice is
Above all tie of blood *Sebastiano*
Thou art the first shalt tell *Antonios* ghost
How much I lov'd him.

She stabbes him upon his couch; Castab. rises and runnes in.

Seb. Oh stay thy hand *Berinthia*? no
Th'ast don't, I with thee heavens forgivenesse, I cannot
Tarry to heare thy reasons, at many doores,
My life runnes out, and yet *Berinthia*
Doth in her name give me more wounds then these,
Antonio, oh *Antonio*, we shall now
Be friendes againe. *Dies.*

Ber. Hees dead, and yet I live, but not to fall
Lesse then a constellation, more flames must
Make up the fire that *Berinthia*
And her revenge, must bathe in.

Enter Catalina poysoned, pulling Ansilva by the haire.

Cast. Sebastiano, sifter. *Anf.* murder.

Cat. Theres wild-fire in my bowells, sure I am poysoned;
Oh *Berinthia*. *Ber.* Ha, ha.

Cat. Helpe me to teare *Ansilva*, I am poysoned by
The Count and this fury.

Ber. Ha, ha. *Cat.* Doe you laugh hereat.

Ber. Yes queene of hell to see thee
Sinke in the glory of thy hope for blisse:
But art sure th'art poysoned, ha?

Anf. Nay I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly

The Maldes Revenge.

Swellstoo; call you this love-powder, *Count Monte Nigro* hath poysoned us both.

Ber. Y^e are a paire of witches, and because Ile keepe your potion working, know y^e are both Poyson'd by me, by me *Berinthia*, Being thus tormented with my wrongs, I arm'd my selfe with all provision For my revenge, and had in readinesse That faithfull poyson which ith' opportunity I put upon *Ansilva* for the exchange Of the amorous powder; oh fooles, my soule Ravish thy selfe with laughter, politition My eldest divell sister, does the heate Offend your stomacke, troth charity, a little charitiē Th'onely Antidote, thats cold enough:

Looke heres *Sebastiano*;
Now horror strike thy soule, to whose fearelesse heart I sent this punyard, for *Antonios* death;
And if that peece of thy damnation *Ansilva* had not don't, I meant to have writ Revenge with the same point upon thy breast;
But I doe surfeit in this brave prevention:
Sleepe, sleepe *Antonios* ashes, and now ope Thou marbell chest to take *Berinthia* To mingle with his dust.

Wounds her selfe.

Cat. I have not so much heart as to curse, must I die?

Enter Vilarezo, Castabella, Mounte Nigro.

Cast. Here my Lord, alas hees dead, my *Sebastiano*

Vil. Catalina. *Cat.* I am poyson'd.

Vil. Ha, Defend good heaven, by whom.

Ans. I am poysoned too.

Vil. Racke not my soule amazement, tis a dreame sure.

Ans. Your Love-powder hath poysoned us both.

Mon. What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd To be out of my paine, by this flesh, as I am a Count. I bought it of the Doctor for good love-powder;
But Madam I hope you are not poysoned in earnest.

Cat. The devill on your foolishhip, oh I must walke

The Maides Revenge.

The darke foggy way thre Spitefire and brimstonē;
No physicke to restore me? send for *Sharkins*, a cooler
A cooler, theres a Smiths forge in my belly, and the
Devill blowes the Bellowes, Snow-water, *Berinthia*
Has poysoned me, sinke by mine owne engine;
I must hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die so?
Confusion, torment, death, hell.

Mount. I am glad with all my heart that *Berinthia* has
Poysoned her, yet —

Ber. Oh it becomes thee bravely, heare me fir.
Antonios death and my dishonours now
Have just revenge; I stabb'd *Sebastiano*, poysoned my sister;
Oh but they made too soone a fury of me,
And split the patience, from whose dreadfull breach
Came these consuming fires, yout passions fruitlesse;
My soule is reeling forth I know not whether;
Oh father my heart weepes teares, for you I dye, oh see
A maides revenge with her owne Tragedy.

Car. *Ansilva*, oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy cursed
Weakenesse, thou gavest me
The poyson, but I licke earth, hold, a gentleman
Vsher to support me, oh I am gone, the poyson
Now hath torne my heart in peeces, *Moritur.*

Vil. I am Planet strucke, a direfull Tragedy, and have
I no part in't: how doe you like it, ha? wast not
Done toth' life? they are my owne children; this was
My eldest gire, this *Berinthia* the Tragedian,
Whose love by me resisted, was mother of all this
Horror; and theres my boy too, that slew *Antonio*
Valiantly, and fell under his sisters rage, what
Art thou boy?

Cast. Ile tell you now I am no boy,
But haplesse *Castabella*, sister to
The slaine *Antonio*, I had hop'd to have
Some recompence by *Sebastianos* love,
For whose sake in disguise I thus adventur'd
To purchase it, but death hath ravish'd us,
And here I bury all my joyes on earth.

Mount.

The Murtherers Revenge.

Monk. Sweet Lady, here's *Conce de Monte nigra* alive
To be your servant. *Cast.* Hence dull creature, thou art not fit to be my servant.
Cast. Hence dull creature, thou art not fit to be my servant.
Vil. Were you a friend of *Sebastiano* then?
Cast. He give you testimony.
Vil. No, I believe you, but thou canst not be my daughter;
Tis false, he lies that says *Berinthia*
Was author of their deaths, 'twas *Villarezo*,
A fathers wretched curiosity, dead, dead, dead.
Cast. And I will leave the world too, for I mean
To spend the poore remainder of my dayes
In some Religious house, married to heaven,
And holy prayers for *Sebastianos* soule,
And my lost brother.
Vil. Will you so?
Cast. I pray let *Castabella* have the honour
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires,
For sorrow promise I shall not live
To see more Sunnes, let me be buried by him
As neere as may be possible, that in death
Our dust may meete, oh my *Sebastiano*,
Thy wounds are mine.
Vil. Come I am arm'd, take up their bodies, *Castabella* you
Are not chiefe mourner here, he was my sonne,
Remember that, *Berinthia* first, she was the
Youngest, put her in pithole first, then *Catalina*;
Strow, strow flowers enough upon em, for they
Were maides; now *Sebastiano*, take him
Vp gently, he was all the sonnes I had; now
March, come you and I are twinnes in this dayes
Vnhappinesse, wee'll march together, follow close,
Wee'll overtake em, softly, and as we go,
Wee'll dare our fortune for another woe.

